

# An American Negro's Music Stirs Blood of Warring Italy

AMERICA seems destined to supply musical as well as material strength off war to the allied cause. "Tipperary" was the creation of a New Yorker, and by the way a Jew, though written in England. Now, according to advice from Italy, that traditional land of song is throbbing to the accents of a song by an American negro who has probably never set foot on Italian soil. Harry T. Burleigh's "The Young Warrior," in its Italian guise as "Il Giovane Guerriero," is today sung all over Italy. Maestro Riccardo Zandoni, the foremost of the younger Italian school and the composer of "Conchita" and "Francesca da Rimini" (to be performed at the Metropolitan Opera house next season), has orchestrated the song and dedicated the score to his American colleague.

This is high honor for a negro boy from Erie, Pa. "The Young Warrior" is hardly to be classed with "Tipperary," which is of a pretty cheap order. Burleigh's song is the product of a fine musicianly imagination, a talent not of mushroom growth but of thorough artistic development. When Amato sang the song at the Elmhurst, in New York City, for an allied benefit, it proved, according to the New York Tribune, to be "the sensation of the evening." It is, adds this newspaper, "a splendidly spirited martial song and ought to thrill many an Italian crowd in after years."

It usually needs some such sensational, though relatively unimportant, occurrence as this to bring genius to light as far as the public is concerned. Needless to say, "The Young Warrior" is not the only thing that Burleigh has done. He has been producing and publishing music of high quality for years. He has written many songs, some of them of racial significance, some of universal interest, but all of intrinsic musical value and genuine appeal. "Jean," one of his earliest creations, is a favorite in many thousand homes and vocal studios, and his settings of native negro melodies are perhaps the most faithful in spirit of the many that have been made. There is also, Mr. A. Walter Kramer, writing in Musical America, reminds us, his cycle of "Saracen Songs," his five Laurence Hope settings, his "Passionale," his deeply felt musical tone-paintings of Arthur Symonds' "Memory," "A Prayer," the scene "The Gray Wolf," his superb setting of Walt Whitman's "Ethiopia Saluting the Colors" and his "One Year," a musical mood of the war from 1914 to 1916. Of more recent origin still is the setting of Robert Brooke's sonnet, "The Soldier," and concerning this Mr. Kramer says:

"I think that this Burleigh setting of Robert Brooke's inspired lines will be among the important art-products of the great war, when the record is made. It is a composition that will stir deeply those who hear it; and best of all it is good, because it is not a contribution to a cause but a spontaneous musical reflection of Brooke's sublime sentiment."

Harry Burleigh's career is nothing if not romantic. It reads like a tale from a child's story book. To begin with, according to Musical America, he is a self-made musician. That is to say, while of course he had teachers, he had no material help from any source and had a serious handicap to boot—the much-discussed "color line." It is indeed rare that a negro is recognized among musical artists as a fellow and equal. Outside of America it has happened just once and the conqueror, the classical Cordero-Tapias, which Burleigh has earned for himself, is significant. When Burleigh was a child his parents were in the service of a family named Russell, in Erie, Pa., and it was from hearing the great artists that visited the Russell home that the little negro lad got his ambition. Once we learn from Mr. Kramer, he heard that the great Rafael Joseffy was to give a concert there.

"He would hear it at any cost; so he stood in the snow up to his knees outside the window of the drawing-room of the Russell house. There he heard the great Joseffy in his fullest powers. The lad was taken ill, pneumonia threatened and, in answer to his mother's inquiries, he told of the hours in the deep snow. The mother, realizing that such a happening ought to be prevented for the future, went to Mrs. Russell and asked if Harry might not help in the house when artists performed. Mrs. Russell was moved by this plea and arranged that he might 'open the door' at the next visit of a concert artist to Erie.

"At the next concert Teresa Carreno was the visiting artist. In those days she was making her early American tours. With her was a kindly lady, of whose identity the boy had no knowledge. But she played an important part in his musical life. The day Mrs. Carreno played Harry Burleigh opened the door of the Russell home for the arriving and departing guests and helped the maids wait upon them. He saw the kindly lady and remembered her. He saw nothing more of her until 1902. It was then that he came down from Erie to New York—he said nothing about his relation to his family—for he had heard of the scholarships that the National Conservatory of Music was offering. He studied voice in Erie and had sung in the churches there. The examination was on and he entered the list of voices."

He finally secured a scholarship with the help of Mrs. MacDowell, the mother of the great composer, Edward MacDowell. She was so other than the

and proved to be the secretary of the conservatory. He now studied voice, harmony and counterpoint. He played double bass and tympany in the orchestra under Frank van der Stucken, was librarian of the orchestra and—most important—met Dvorak. Although not directly under the master's tuition, Burleigh knew Dvorak better than he was known by many of his regularly-enrolled pupils. He copied many of the orchestral parts of the "New World" symphony from the original score to get it ready for the first performance. He is able to give testimony of the negro "material" in this famous work and, indeed, he himself frequently played and sang the old negro songs for Dvorak who at once recognized their beauty and individuality. To continue the story:

Obstacles confronted the young man who was getting his musical education at the conservatory. His tuition was free, to be sure, but his living expenses were an item that caused much concern. During the summer following his first year at the conservatory he went to Saratoga, then the American summer resort par excellence, and served wine at the leading hotel. But the second summer he had advanced: this time he went to Saratoga as baritone soloist at the Bethesda Episcopal church. And from that time things went better.

In 1904, competing with sixty applicants, he won the position of baritone soloist at St. George's church in New York.

Shortly after, he was engaged at the Temple Emanu-El. He has toured in Europe and in this country as a concert baritone and has won much praise for his gifts as a singer.

Concerning his compositions this man is so modest that he refuses to talk about them. He contends that he is merely a singer; but it seems inevitable that the world will assign to his work a place of permanence, for discerning critics are already enlisting him as a composer. Mr. Kramer's concluding words are well worth noting:

"This man is a composer by divine right and, what is more, he is a thinker, a man who writes music not because he enjoys seeing his name on the program of some singer but because he feels deeply, profoundly, in the language of tone. I left him with my firm conviction that H. T. Burleigh is contributing to American art-songs examples of creative music that deserve world-wide attention and respect."

## ALBERT E. GREENLAW

We present today Albert Edward Greenlaw, of Toronto, Ont., who has the reputation of being one of the best singers of the world who has recently appeared in the concert at the Metropolitan Opera House, N. Y.

Mr. Greenlaw, dean of the celebrated Fish University Singers, in the more recent years he was engaged in choir work mainly in Canada. At Windsor, he had charge of the Y. M. C. A. Glee Club and the First Baptist Choral Society. He also was choir leader and soloist in different churches. He has the distinction of receiving the highest prize ever paid to a soloist in the Dominion.

Greenlaw is a composite as well as a singer. "Where the Sweetest Voices Sing," "Childhood Days" and "Sweetest Flowers" are some of his own musical compositions. It is said that Greenlaw has a rare voice, a beautiful tone. It is splendidly trained and under the most perfect control. His voice is a powerful instrument and its effect, when used as a part of the gospel influence of the campaign. His voice has been termed majestic. His shading and control are perfect. He is a vocal genius. It is considered an honor to hear him sing.

The Greenlaw family are all musical. Albert Greenlaw, 4/10/16.





FORD T. DABNEY

## MUSIC NOTES.

(BY LUCIEN H. WHITE)

The Southern Negro Folk Song Festival, promoted at Dallas, Texas, July 26, 27 and 28, with Mme. Daisy Tapley, contralto, of New York, and Mme. Anita Patti Brown, soprano, of Chicago, as the principal artists, brings to mind the fact that the one person to whom most credit should be given for the development of this folksong festival idea is Mme. E. Azalia Hackley.

There might have been sporadic individual efforts in various sections by other musicians, but there was no one who took up the work of going into the different cities of the United States—north, east, west and south—organizing the people of the communities into choral bodies for the purpose of singing the Negro folk songs, until Mme. Hack-

ley came along and gave unstintingly of her time, talent and money to that effort. She has directed and promoted Negro folk song festivals in Boston, Mass.; Los Angeles, Cal.; Springfield, Ill.; Pine Bluff, Ark.; Chicago, Ill.; Washington, D. C., and other places, including Dallas, Texas.

As a matter of fact, it was at Dallas that Mme. Hackley did her first work of this nature. In May, 1914, when she was fighting a "jim crow" car suit at Waco, Texas, the town where recently was enacted the lynching scene that transcended even happenings in the infernal regions, Mme. Hackley stayed in Dallas. She organized a chorus of 238 voices, composed of the students of the Colored High School, with some outside people, and on the night of May 26, 1914, at the Fair Park Coliseum, she gave the first Negro Folk Song Festival

of which I have any authentic data. Eight groups of folk songs, containing eighteen numbers, were sung by the chorus and quartet, and in addition there were modern compositions, both vocal and instrumental, all of them the work of Negro composers.

If I remember rightly the instrumental numbers included Melvin Charlton's *Poeme Erotique* for piano and Nathaniel Dett's *In the Bottoms*, suite. The vocal numbers included songs by Burleigh, Rosamond Johnson, Will Marion Cook, Clarence Cameron White and one or two others.

This first effort was a success in spite of certain "influentials" of the Texas city who sought to create opposition. Mme. Hackley's life story tells a tale of undaunted courage and nerve which has enabled her to overcome much more formidable obstacles than a little opposition. The members of the chorus formed a permanent organization and called themselves the E. Azalia Hackley Choral Club, with Prof. R. H. Newhouse as president. In 1915 the chorus was asked to sing for the Texas Normal Institute for Colored Youth, and as Mme. Hackley was in another section of the country, Mme. Lyncolnia Haynes-Morgan, a former member of the Fisk Jubilee Singers, was asked to direct its musical efforts.

It is quite probable that Mrs. Morgan had nothing to do with the business end of the affair, which included, of course, the advertising of it, for she would hardly, I think, have allowed the spirit of exaggeration and commercialism which began to show its head, and which was even more pronounced in the advertising campaign of 1916.

With the chorus increased to 283, the 1915 effort was advertised to be given by 500 trained voices, and the superlative expression used in referring to Mme. Haynes-Morgan as the "Wonder of the Age" could only have a cheapening effect. I am informed that following this recital an effort was made to have the name of the chorus changed to the "Haynes' Chorus," but the Board of Education stepped in and made the chorus a school effort for the benefit of the colored high school.

It is unfortunate that unselfish efforts for the good of the race should sometimes be prostituted to advance the ends of scheming and selfish men and women looking only for personal aggrandizement. The festival promoted 1914, at the Fair Park Coliseum, the last week, however successful it might be financially, could not possibly attain

the highest degree of artistic success because of the apparent commercial spirit dominating it. Again did they advertise "500 Trained Voices," and that, as I understand it, without having the school chorus as a nucleus. Knowing Mrs. Tapley as I do, it is a safe assertion that she resented being billed as the "Greatest Living Contralto Soloist—Sings in Many Different Languages—French, Italian, German, English, et. al.—First Time South."

Mme. Anita Patti Brown, of Chicago, is referred to as "America's Greatest Prima Donna Coloratura Soprano Soloist," and one Dr. W. W. Lucas, who hails from "somewhere in Mississippi," and whose name is entirely unfamiliar to me, is named as "The World's Greatest Dialectician and Humorist." All of which is not only putting it on rather thick, but rubbing it in as well.

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And now Mme. Hackley has founded the Normal Vocal Institute, the second community school to be established for colored people, but the first to be established by a colored person. And it is really and truly a "community" enterprise, for the instruction is absolutely free. As a circular sent out for the school says: "A membership fee of 25 cents (if the applicant is able to pay) also 5 cents a week for heat and light (if the applicant is able to pay this) is expected." The institution is not a money-making effort; it is not even self-supporting. The founder has carried on the work with money received on her singing and lecturing tours, and from private pupils, together with voluntary donations which have come from time to time.

The beneficiaries of the work this woman is doing are grateful. This is shown by their loyalty to her. They appreciate her efforts and without a doubt it is their loyalty and faithfulness which brings recompense to Mme. Hackley for her many hours of sore trial and tribulation. There are pupils who come in and clean house, launder the curtains, "chip in" for little things that are needed, and as one of the pupils expressed it, "would tear the eyes out of anyone who assails her." They bring to her lunches, fruit and small change. Their refreshing gratefulness keeps alive the spirit in Mme. Hackley's soul.

Referring to the effect of free teaching upon the pupils and upon the work of other teachers, the school circular says the following:

Some have misunderstood the

community mission of the Institute and have imagined that free teaching would affect the incomes of other teachers.

Others have not understood how one could serve a cause without remuneration and have imagined selfish motives. These possibly have not experienced the joys of service, and do not realize that this is an age of humanitarian endeavor along musical lines.

It is hard to calculate the good results to be attained in a work of this character founded on such a broad and wise foundation. Practically in its infancy the work has already outgrown its facilities, and it has been found necessary to ask the use of churches on occasions when all the members are coming together in one body. The first year, by strict economy, closed with the institution free of debt except for the current expenses and payments on the property at 3019 Calumet avenue, Chicago, the school's home, which is being purchased from the Hetty Green estate.

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I would be glad if New York could have, if only for a short while, the influence of a woman such as Mme. Hackley has shown herself to be. She would have a wonderful effect on the music life of this tremendous city, and all elements, by joining in a welcome to her, would help themselves to a better and sweeter understanding of what is good in the realm of music. Every musical effort in Gotham would be benefitted through the increased interest that would most surely result.

The Philadelphia papers announce that Mme. Hackley will conduct a folk song festival in that city in October. But it comes to me on fairly good authority, I think, that there is a possibility of that particular effort being made in New York instead of the Quaker City. I hope that it will be so. I am sure that New York will heartily welcome her and that all musical interests will co-operate in an effort to show her how much her work is prized and appreciated.

**LATE POET'S WIFE BECOMES MRS. NELSON**  
The New York Times  
Wilmington, Del., April 21. — Mrs. Alice Moore-Dunbar, former wife of the late poet, Paul L. Dunbar, a teacher of English in the Howard High School of this city, and Mr. Robert J. Nelson, of Reading, Pa., who for years has held a position in the Department of Mines in Harrisburg, Pa., were united in the holy bonds of wedlock at 1 o'clock yesterday by the Rev. Solomon P. Hood at the home of the bride 916 French street.

After breakfast the bride and groom left for Atlantic City to spend their honeymoon.



## OBJECTING TO THE NEGRO DIALECT

**H**IGH-SCHOOL MUSIC-TEACHERS of New York are reported to have expressed their disapproval of the "negro dialect in songs published in public-school text-books." Dr. Frank Rix is credited with saying the children should be taught a "pure English, not a dialect." But to this comes a vigorous protest from the South, where the *Atlanta Constitution* declares that if you "expurgate from our American song-books our good old Southern melodies, you rob them of their best, real, warm-blooded sentimentality." The *Asheville Times* also enters its voice of disapproval, saying that "such a change would be a loss to the literature of music in the world and especially in the South." The director of music in the Asheville schools points out that "there are thousands of folk songs and dialect songs that will have to be thrown away if they are to be pruned of the words that have helped to preserve their melodies throughout the centuries." The *Constitution* knows good English when it sees it, and also a good folk-song. It declares:

"True, our Southern melodies may not be grammatically perfect as to English!—but they know 'no North, no South, no East, no West' in their popularity. They are sung by the girls and boys in the schoolhouses out in Oregon; sung round the camp-fire out in the heart of the Rockies; by the timber folk of New England; by prima donnas in the metropolis—and everywhere enjoyed with the same true, downright American spirit.

"'Go to Sleep, My Little Pickaninny,' has lulled as many little babes of the Great Lakes States into the Land of Nod, comparatively, as in the Cotton Belt. It is known and sung and loved everywhere on the continent. Some consider 'Yankee Doodle'—because of the wording of it—sectional: 'Dixie' is universal. Yet those precise New York teacher-folk propose, in 'Dixie,' to 'change the words "de" and "nebber" to "the" and "never!"'

"Good English? Who ever claimed those good old Southern songs—or any of the old favorites—for that matter—were pure English? Of course they're not. They wouldn't be characteristic; they wouldn't be half so sweet, half so popular, if they were.

"Neither is 'Annie Laurie' good English; nor 'Bonnie Doon,' nor 'Hi-lan' Mary.' Yet we like them, not for their rhetoric, but for their sentiment, their melody, and themselves.

"Let the school children of the land vote on what selections should remain uninterfered with in their song-books, and it is safe to say that the 'negro-dialect' songs would be among the very last to go.

"At the Fulton County High School commencement exercises in Taft Hall last June the sweetest and most liberally applauded number on the whole program was Frank Stanton's 'Mighty Lak a Rose,' sung by one of the young girl graduates. The audience—seven-eighths of it school children—compelled her to 'sing it over again.'

"No, the youngsters get enough grammar, English, correct-composition drill during class periods. Let them get 'back to earth' betimes and indulge in a bit of real sentiment, real Americanism, when it comes time to sing.

"And don't censor the plantation melodies from the song-books; for when you do you spoil them."

The negro, of course, is absolved from any further responsibility for these songs than the furnishing of the dialect by which they are expressed. Curiously the negro, aside from Paul Laurence Dunbar, has written none of them. So far as ragtime

is concerned, Mr. David Mannes asserts in the *New York Evening Post* that "the negro is most sorrowful that he is thought the producer of vulgar ragtime." Mr. Mannes adds:

"To my knowledge no negro has ever written to his music words to which any one could take exception. Where vulgarity occurs in songs attributed to colored men, it is invariably some white man who has superimposed it. Furthermore, you must acknowledge the negro's sense of poetry.

"To be sure, he is not now developed, but I would set no limit to his future growth. Recognizing his human qualities, who would deny him divine right? If you deny these human qualities, then, of course, you deny the divine attributes. I combat most earnestly the theory that the negro's capacity for development is limited.

"Not having had the opportunity to develop a musical art-tradition of their own, our colored citizens must become acquainted with ours. There the difficulty lies because they must retain their natural genius and make their own music. Having no framework of their own upon which to build, their faith must rest on Bach and Beethoven and Brahms."

Mr. Mannes, among his other activities, teaches in the Music School Settlement for Colored People in Harlem. He speaks from his own knowledge, then, when he says of the negro's abilities in musical performance:

"As the negro lends his own inflection to any tongue he learns, so his touch on the piano differs from the white man's. Here, too, his natural potentialities must expand. Negroes either pick on instruments or play on instruments of percussion; to my knowledge they have never turned to bowed instruments. So it is that the difficulty for the negro in playing on the violin lies in the bow. In their management of it they may approach the fine and natural legato of their own voices. . . .

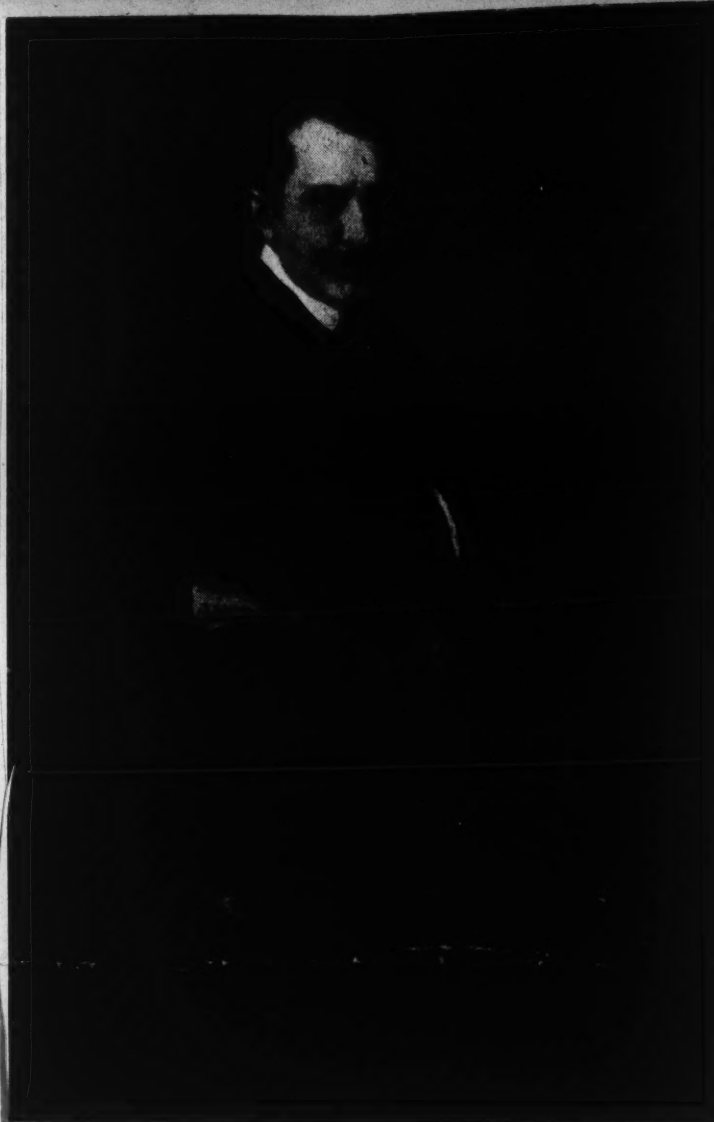
"Their musical inspiration as a rule has as its initial force an intense spiritual feeling so common in the black race, literate and illiterate. True preparedness means the stimulating of the poetical, musical, and dramatic qualities of the child of to-day so that the man and the woman of to-morrow shall resist the onslaughts of material aggression. . . .

"As Theodore Thomas once said, familiar music is popular music. My whole idea, therefore, is to make Beethoven, Bach, Brahms, and César Franck familiar and popular with the colored people and raise them, through these masters, to the plane of intelligent appreciation of, and participation in, the best traditions which we have."

We learn that the picture of Lincoln and So-journer Truth, reproduced on the cover of the August Crisis, is a reproduction of a painting by Lottie E. Wilson of Niles, Michigan, presented by her to President Roosevelt and now hanging in the permanent collection in the White House. Miss Wilson, who later became Mrs. Moss is a colored woman.

CRISIS SEPTEMBER 1915, 215.

The first Negroes, a tribe of blacks, seen in the world was at Quereque, by Vasco Nunez in the year 1492. These blacks were supposed to have been shipwrecked upon the coast. Will Negro Historians unravel the mystery? Did they cross the Equator into Brazil during the period of Hannos' travel? The Crisis March, 1917, p. 237.



PORTRAIT OF CLYDE FITCH.

The late American dramatist, here represented by Chase, was closely associated with the painter's family.



Miss Anne Whitney, the famous sculptor, a member of the Anti-Slavery group in New England, died at the age of 93, in January in her apartment in Boston, Mass.

Among Miss Whitney's works was a piece called "Ethiopia," a reclining figure of a young colored woman, raising herself, and in the act of awakening. The statue was destroyed, although the artist long afterward said, "It was one of the best things I ever did." Her next piece of work was a statue of Toussaint L'Overture, whose heroic life strongly appealed to her.

Miss Whitney's best known works are the statues of Sam Adams in Adams Square, Boston, and Charles Sumner, near Howard Square in Cambridge, Mass.

The Crisis March 1915. Page 216

The Crisis was mistaken last month in saying that William Farrow won a first prize in painting at the Montgomery County, O., art exhibition. His work did, however receive this notice in the Dayton, O., Journal: "There are, <sup>two</sup> excellent canvases in the exhibit done by a young colored artist, William Farrow, who is forging to the front by sheer force of will. He is studying at present at the Chicago Art Institute. While working eight hours a day to support himself, he puts in his spare time and his evenings at his favorite occupation and is getting results. The portrait Alice' is gentle and attractive in color and his other pictures he has achieved the difficult task of showing glass and flowers and sheet music set against the light of an open window."

The Crisis February 1915 .164

Three Negro jubilee songs arranged by Carl R. Diton, "Pilgrim's Song," "Little David Play On Your Harp," and "Ev'ry Time I Feel the Spirit," of which musical America makes special mention, appeared on the program of the Choral Art Club, of Brooklyn N.Y., at their concert given at the Academy of Music on December 20th.

<sup>Feb</sup> Crisis, 1916. Page 163.

Musical American mentions a Cradle Song for violin written by Clarence C. White as being a welcome addition to the violin teachers' list of teaching pieces and as a display of melodic taste and good knowledge of the violin on the part of the composer.

Negro Musicians. CRISIS OCTOBER 1915. 266.  
Present status of negro-American musical endeavor. C. R. Diton. musician 20:689  
N '15

Negro songs  
Tribute to the music of the American Negro. Our opinion 59:100-1 Ag '15

On the afternoon of December 5th, the Misses Dorothy Rosalind and  
Synthia Fuller presented a program of old English and Scottish songs  
at the first of a series of concerts at the Musical School Settlement  
for Colored People, New York City.

<sup>Feb</sup> Crisis, 1916. Page 164.  
The "Black Madonna of Czestochowa" is a priceless painting owned  
by the members of the monastery of the Order of St. Paul the Hermit,  
which is situated on the outskirts of Czestochowa, Russian Poland.  
Tradition claims that the picture was painted by the Evangelist Luke  
and it miraculously turned dark over night. It has become a shrine for  
over 200,000 yearly pilgrims.

<sup>Feb</sup> Crisis, 1916. Page 165.







## A RACE MUSICIAN.

(JACIEN H. WHITE.)

IN THE AGE last week editorial reference was made to the fact that the Negro encounters less prejudice in the realms of Art than in any other line of endeavor. The Contributing Editor cited the fact that at the formal opening of the new Duval county armory at Jacksonville, Fla., the principal feature was the singing of Samuel Coleridge-Taylor's "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast," with Solon Drukenmiller, a favorite Southern singer, rendering the solo, "Onaway, Awake, Beloved." It was the first time that Coleridge-Taylor's music had been sung in Florida. A chorus of seventy-five, composed of Southern women and men, sang the cantata. 5/18/16

The fact that Coleridge-Taylor was a Negro had nothing to do with the selection of his work for this occasion. It was the excellence of his work that influenced its selection. And it is only excellence of work that will open the door of opportunity to the deserving artists of the race.

This incident brings to mind some recent developments in the musical world which affect the race. Reference has already been made to the fact that at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York City, there was given this season the premiere of the Spanish opera, "Goyescas," music by Enrique Granados. The original text in Spanish was written by Bernardo Periquet, and the English translation was made by James Weldon Johnson, contributing editor of THE AGE. The Metropolitan is the home of grand opera, and the Metropolitan Opera Company is composed of the greatest artists to be found in the world. It was the first time in the history of the Metropolitan that an opera was sung with which a Negro had anything to do.

Mr. Johnson's translation of the text was so completely satisfactory to Senor Perique that an exclusive contract has been entered into by the terms of which Mr. Johnson is to translate into English all of Senor Periquet's works. The translation of "Goyescas" was under an agreement with the music publishing house of G. Schirmer, New York.

Another Negro who has passed beyond the prejudicial bounds set by racial limitations is Harry T. Burleigh. Mr. Burleigh has long enjoyed a reputation as one of the leading singers of the country, without regard to color, and he has for many years been engaged as baritone soloist in the choirs of some of

the wealthiest white congregations in New York. He was a favorite with the late J. Pierrepont Morgan, who was a vestryman in the church where Mr. Burleigh sings, and it was Mr. Morgan's special desire that Mr. Burleigh sing at his funeral. This Mr. Burleigh did.

As a composer, Mr. Burleigh has long held a high place. His songs hold a place in the repertoire of many of the most successful singers in the country. One of the most popular songs ever heard from the American concert stage was Burleigh's "Jean," and "age has not withered, nor custom staled" its wonderful beauty. But of recent years he has entered upon a new field. Attracted by the art-song, a study of its beauties tempted him and he has made its creation his task of love. During the past two years he has given to the music world some compositions that are surpassingly great. It is not possible to catalogue all of his productions, but a few demand and must have place.

Early in 1915, from the press of G. Ricordi & Co., New York, there came several groups of songs, one of five poems by Laurence Hope; a cycle of "Saracen Songs," lyrics by Fred G. Bowles; and "Passionale," a group of four songs, poems by James Weldon Johnson. The "Passionale" included "The Glory of the Day Was in Her Face," which has been sung in New York by Roland Hayes of Boston, the foremost tenor of the Negro race. "Her Eyes Twin Pools," "Your Eyes So Deep," and "Your Lips Are Wine." At a recent recital, John McCormack, who is to the white concert audiences what Caruso is to the grand opera lovers, created a sensation by his rendering of a group of Mr. Burleigh's songs.

The latter part of February saw a large and brilliant audience assembled at the Hotel Biltmore, the occasion being an Italian War Benefit under the patronage of the Queen of Italy and under the auspices of the Italian Ambassador and Countess Dolores Macchi di Allere, proceeds going to the Italo-American Relief Committee for war sufferers. Among the artists taking part was Pasquale Amato, of the Metropolitan Opera Company. In the New York Tribune, the next morning, the following comment appeared:

An interesting feature was the singing by Mr. Amato of an Italian patriotic song written by an American Negro. This was Harry T. Burleigh's "Il Giovine Guerriero" and it proved to be the sensation of the evening. It was a splendidly

spirited martial song, and ought to thrill many an Italian crowd in after years. That an American Negro could write such a song seems strange indeed. It is one of the few really admirable songs America has produced in recent years. All honor to Harry T. Burleigh!

This song was originally written in English, title, "The Young Warrior," poem by James Weldon Johnson. The Italian translation is by Eduardo Petri. The first five months of 1916 have been fruitful ones for Mr. Burleigh's genius. Besides "The Young Warrior," there are "The Grey Wolf," "The Prayer," "By the Pool at the Third Rosses," and "Memory," lyrics by Arthur Symons; "Ethiopia Saluting the Colors," a setting of Walt Whitman's poem; and "One Year," words by Margaret M. Harlan.

Referring to "Ethiopia Saluting the Colors" in particular, and "The Prayer," "Memory," "The Young Warrior" and "The Grey Wolf" in general, A. W. Kramer, in *Musical America*, wrote as follows:

"No composer in this or, in fact, any other country is as well equipped to set the magnificent Whitman lines as Mr. Burleigh. The entire atmosphere of the poem is reproduced in music that is not only fitting, but that tells the story of the Ethiopian woman and her conversation with the general, as no words can. He has brought into play two melodies which seem to be authentic Negro tunes, and has employed in a most dextrous manner bits of "Marching Through Georgia." The song is symphonically developed. Notable is the big recitative and the final *Moderato sentito*. There are not a hundred pages by this country's composers that can rank with this final section beginning "Are the things so strange." The three Symons settings are tremendous.

War-time brings war-songs and Mr. Burleigh has written a mighty good one. "The Young Warrior" is built on a martial motif, reiterated throughout the song. It has dignity and yet has something in it that will make it very popular. Into the song Mr. Burleigh has worked the first two measures of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," in four-four time, however, in a chorale-like manner, with surprising fine effect. The declamatory recitative, "Mother, the lines are drawn," is splendid and the song closes with a great climax.

Such a set of songs as these can only have just recognition if concert-singers will take the trouble to investigate them. They are not ordinary songs that can be sung through and admired without further acquaintance. They must be studied; but they are worth all the

time a singer can give them for melodically and harmonically they are strong, individual and musically, the expression of one of the most gifted composers of art-songs living to-day."

In addition to his work as a singer and composer, Mr. Burleigh has done much as a teacher. He has had a pupils members of the most prominent families of the city, but increased demands of his new work has necessitated a curtailment of teaching duties. Few colored pupils have been able to pay the price of lessons from Mr. Burleigh and this is unfortunate. It would be a great thing for the race if there could be raised up artists of the race whose development and training were the result of instructions received from the master musician of the race.

Mr. Burleigh is under contract to G. Ricordi & Co., I understand, and has supervision of some department of that publisher's output, and so there is not now even the time he formerly had to give to imparting a knowledge of music and its magic to embryo artists. Just a few days ago an ambitious student came up from the Southland, after corresponding with Mr. Burleigh, hoping to study with him, but after reaching New York she had to secure another teacher as he was too busy to accept her as a pupil.

## S. COLERIDGE-TAYLOR AT NORFOLK FESTIVALS

(H. E. Krehbiel, in N. Y. Tribune.)  
The fact that the annual music festival of the Litchfield County Choral Union is to be held in Norfolk, Conn., this week gives timely interest to the story of one of the compositions written for these festivals. It has been remarked heretofore in connection with these annual occurrences that their plan contemplates the engagement of a composer, either native or foreign, to write a work of large dimensions, which is produced under his direction, for which he is remunerated, but which remains his property. Coleridge-Taylor had visited the United States in 1904 on the invitation of the Coleridge-Taylor Choral Society of Washington. He came again in 1906, and on this visit went on a concert tour with Mr. Harry T. Burleigh and received an invitation from Mr. Carl Stoeckel to give a concert in Norfolk. In October, 1909, Mr. Stoeckel, being in England, invited him to conduct his "Hiawatha" music at the Norfolk festival of 1910, and it was on this visit that he conceived the plan of composing his violin concerto. In a biography of the composer, written by W. C. Berwyck Sayers and published in London a few months ago, the origin of the concerto is told in the words of Mr. Stoeckel. Mr. Taylor had written his "Bamboula" for the festival, an

orchestral work for which Mr. Krehbiel had supplied him with the theme. "After supper," says Mr. Stoeckel in a letter to the biographer, "my wife went into the library and Coleridge-Taylor and I went into another room to have a smoke. She began playing on the piano, and suddenly Coleridge-Taylor dropped his cigarette, jumped to his feet and said, 'What is that lovely melody?' It was an African slave song called 'Keep Me from Sinking Down, Good Lord,' which has never been in the books, as it was taken from the lips of a slave directly after the war by a teacher who went South and who gave it to my late father-in-law, Robbins Battell. Coleridge-Taylor went into the library and asked my wife to play it again, which she did, singing the melody at the same time. He then said: 'Do let me take it down. I will use it sometime.'

"For several days some of the 'Bamboula' rhapsody had been running in my head, and the thought came to me that perhaps Coleridge-Taylor might be induced to write a violin concerto, using this African melody in the adagio movements. I proposed the matter to him then and there. He said that he was delighted with the idea and would undertake it. He was, of course, to take his own time and to receive an honorarium therefor. In due season the manuscript of the violin concerto reached me. I took it at once to Mme. Maud Powell, as the work was dedicated to her and she was to give the first rendition. My original suggestion to Coleridge-Taylor was that the concerto should be founded on three African melodies characteristic of our so-called Southern Negro airs. When we went over the concerto we found that the second movement was based on an African melody, but not on 'Keep Me from Sinking Down,' which Coleridge-Taylor had found that he could not use, and he had substituted 'Many Thousands Gone' for this movement. In the third movement he had used 'Yankee Doodle' quite frequently, which, of course, is not strictly an African melody. We agreed that the second movement was a beautiful piece of music, but both the first and third movements seemed to us rather sketchy and unsatisfactory.

"While I was considering what to write about this work to Coleridge-Taylor, I received a letter from him requesting me to throw it into the fire and saying that he had written an entirely new and original work, all the melodies being his own, and that it was a hundred times better than his first composition. I returned the first composition to him at once, as it seemed a pity to lose the second movement, and a few weeks later the score of the second concerto arrived. It was tried and found highly satisfactory. Its first rendition was at the Norfolk festival of 1912, being played by Mme. M. M. Powell, under the directorship of Arthur Mees. After the first concerto arrived, which we did not use and which did not contain the air 'Keep Me from Sinking Down,' I wrote to Coleridge-Taylor and suggested that he should make a separate arrangement of this air either

for violin or cello. He responded with air for violin and orchestra. This was promptly and sent along with the second concerto an arrangement of the



# Music, Poetry and Art-1916

MUSICAL COURIER

New York City

AUG 10 1916

## Dallas Enjoys Three Day Festival

Given by Negro Singers

Negro singers delighted big Dallas audiences in a series of three concerts given during the latter part of July in Fair Park Coliseum of the above mentioned Texas city. Audiences varying from 2,000 to 3,000 people, listened to pure negro folksongs, reminiscent of antebellum days, to classical songs and choruses, sung by well trained voices of good quality, and to an ensemble of voices paying fine consideration to harmony. There were 350 voices in the chorus. While the singers gave good accounts of themselves in the classical selections, they were said to be at their best in folksongs and plantation melodies. Old time negro melodies figured conspicuously on the programs, and these were throughout of pleasing variety.

This was the first of the Southern Negro Folksong Festivals, which it was announced are to become an annual event in Dallas. This festival was given for the Texas Normal Industrial Institute for Negro Youth, and is reported to have netted a goodly sum for that institution.

OMAHA, NEB.

JAN 2 1916

BY A. M. BOEGLUM.

Referring to an editorial on the subject of "Negro Music Myth," which appeared recently in the World-Herald and two letters written for the "Public Pulse" in reply, or defense, as it may appear, by George W. Parker and Laurence A. Parker, the writer begs to say:

That the said editorial was not written by the music critic, but to the undersigned has been delegated the task of replying to the letters.

The subject is a new one to the writer, but upon a little investigation proved extremely interesting and fascinating. One of the first authorities I found in the Public library was a book by H. E. Krehbiel, the well known New York music critic, entitled "Afro-American Folksongs." It is a compilation of all the folksongs that could be found originating with the Afro-Americans and form the basis of the only real negro music. In a preface to his book Mr. Krehbiel called attention to the fact that it was such men as Anton Dvorak, Chadwick, Schoenberg, Kroeber and others, who, recognizing the folksongs of the Afro-American as containing much valuable material, fascinating on account of its rhythmic construction and charming from its melodic beauty, made use of such themes in their compositions as a possible basis for a national American music.

During this period of an attempt to build up a national American music the

following three important questions were very widely discussed:

1.—Whether these songs were original creations of native blacks;  
2.—Whether they were entitled to be called American, and

3.—Whether or not they were worthy of consideration as foundation elements for a school of American composition. Mr. Krehbiel speaks of the "artistic potentialities" of the Afro-American folksongs and refers to the ungenerous attitude of some critics in refusing to give credit to "a body of American citizens, to whom at the least must be credited the creation of a species of songs," etc.

Coleridge-Taylor, of African descent, also took negro melodies, as did the other composers mentioned above, as themes for many of his most charming compositions. Of course, Coleridge-Taylor is recognized the world over as a composer and musician of the first rank; he has entered the realm of art as a true disciple and as such has stepped beyond the narrow confines of creed or color. To this class also belong Henry O. Tanner, the famous painter of biblical subjects, also of African descent.

W. L. Hubbard, an authority on musical history in America, closes an article on American music by stating that "America owes much to the negro in the creation and development of its popular music, for a large part of such music is due directly or indirectly to negro sources. Their peculiar characteristic melodies are forming the foundation of our folksong literature—they originated the minstrel songs, which gave rise to the popular songs of Stephen C. Foster and others of that character."

Favorable reference is also found to the Fisk Jubilee Singers of the Fisk University of Nashville, Tenn., who gave the first intimation to Europe that America

had a folksong of its own.

Mr. Parker says that "Listen to the Mocking Bird" was composed by Melburn; I find by that it was composed by Septimus Winner under the name of "Alice Hawthorne," one of several pseudonyms. Mr. Winner was a very prolific writer of songs and arranger of music for many instruments.

From the above it would therefore appear that the subject of negro music has received most profound attention from all serious musicians, and those who have been most vitally interested in its development have been the white man. While Mr. Hubbard states that popular music is being influenced directly or indirectly by negro music it is still very doubtful as to whether it will furnish "worthy foundation elements for a school of American composition." The American Cake-Walk and Rag-Time or syncopated music are direct descendants of negro music and are forms of rhythm which should only be used by composers of the highest ideals.

Mr. Parker gives a long list of names of composers, which are unknown to me because I do not follow the popular class of music. There are no doubt many ex-

cellent songs among them; but from their titles most of them suggest a style of over-sentimental productions from the standpoint of words as well as harmonies that prove to be simply for passing entertainment and after a season or two are fortunately forgotten. Compositions of this class by white composers are no exception to the rule and in most cases should never have been published. I am quite convinced that, instead of minimizing the value of negro folksongs, the white composers, not only of Europe, but of America as well, have done and are doing everything they possibly can to develop and make use of the "artistic potentialities" of this music.

## JAMIESON, PIONEER PIANIST OF COLOR—AMONG BEST COUNTRY EVER PRODUCED—TAUGHT IN LEADING BOSTON FAMILIES—HAD NOTABLE RECITALS—THE ESTIMATE OF JAMES M. TROTTER. *The Guardian* 4/7/16

When in 1878 the late Dr. James Mumroe Trotter wrote his book (now out of print) on Music and Some Highly Musical People, Samuel W. Jamieson was barely in his majority, was yet a student, and hence was styled by Mr. Trotter "The Brilliant Young Pianist." Mr. Jamieson, who will render a piano solo at the Guardian Benefit Concert at the 12th Baptist Church next Thursday night, early in the program, is the Dean of Colored trained piano soloists and teachers, the first, and not yet surpassed by a pianist of Color. It is hoped that all, young as well old, will attend to hear this figure in race musical history, play the piano, as it will be a treat.

Even at the age of 21, one of Boston's first writers and musical crit-

ics, writing of the musical entertainments in 1876 in Parker Memorial, after mentioning the "famous Germania Orchestra," said: "Another evening Mr. Jamieson awoke the echoes of the piano in a manner to do credit to a Liszt and Chopin."—(The Commonwealth.

Mr. Trotter then says: "He has, in fact, attained to such a brilliant proficiency (although quite a young man) as to cause him to be ranked with the first pianists of the country."

Mr. Jamieson graduated with honors from the Boston Conservatory in 1876, our pioneer.

James M. Tracy, and Fred K. Bosconitz, a Russian, were his teachers and Jamieson was the star.

Mr. Trotter goes on to tell of Mr. Jamieson's acceptance into the highest musical circles of Boston and of a movement to send him to Europe for further study, and says: "His remarkable proficiency as a pianist, and

the private and public attention that the same has drawn to him has secured him from time to time many pupils and as a teacher he has been quite successful."

These descriptions of the beginnings of Mr. Jamieson's career, which has lasted over a generation since, give merely an inkling of the masterly ability in classical music of Samuel W. Jamieson, whose yearly recitals in Boston have never been approached by any other Colored musician and teacher in our history, most of the auditors being white persons of high social position. Hear him Thursday.

## JAMES M. TROTTER'S ESTIMATE

We append here the author's concluding paragraph showing his opinion of Mr. Jamieson's ability. It also shows the elder Trotter's literary style.

"Possessing naturally a loftiness of spirit and with a just conception of his powers, having full faith in and trusting himself; not unmindful of, nor unduly elated by, the many commendations he has received from critical judges touching his musical abilities; wearing easily all the attentions and honors he so constantly wins, and quickly noting and acting upon any suggestions of errors in his performances; at all times a conscientious and zealous student, impelled by a deep and enthusiastic love for the art of music, and never satisfied unless working among its higher forms—possessing, as Mr. Jamieson does, these rare and valuable characteristics, and being withal still quite young, it is but reasonable to believe that he will ere long attain to the highest distinction, and be ranked with the very first pianists in either the New or the Old World."—Music and Some Highly Musical People, page 218. James M. Trotter, author.

Mr. Jamieson attained great heights as a classical pianist, held back only by color and all should hear the Old Master Thursday night, early in the program.

**WOMEN OF RARE MUSICAL TALENT**  
*Christian Recorder*  
11-23-16  
Heights Reached by the Aldridge Sisters in London.  
**PRaised BY NOTED ARTISTS**



Interpreters of Celebrated Tragedies and  
Interpreters of the Shakespearean  
Drama Win Fame on Stage and in  
Musical Land—European War Pre-  
vented Their Appearance in America.

By JOHN E. BRUCE "CRIT."

Just before the breaking out of the  
war in Europe I had some corre-  
spondence with the Misses Ira and  
Luranah Aldridge, daughters of the  
late Ira Aldridge, celebrated as a tra-  
gedian. A little over fifty years ago  
he was as famous as an interpreter  
of the Shakespearean drama as was  
Booth, Kean, Sir Beerholm Tree or  
any of the later day stars on the Eng-  
lish or American stage, judging from  
the flattering character of the press  
notices given him by the English, Rus-  
sian, German and French dramatic  
critics of his day.

The Misses Aldridge had written me  
in regard to an American tour—both  
of them are musical—and I had taken  
some steps to engage a manager and  
publicity promoter for them when the  
war began, and our plan went awry.  
These ladies are living with their aged  
mother at Bedford Gardens, Kenning-  
ton, England. One of them, Miss Lura-  
nah Aldridge, is a noted singer and  
musical composer, writing under the  
pen name of Montagu Ring. The other,  
Miss Ira, is a vocalist and has made  
an enviable reputation on the stage in  
England, France and Germany, where  
she has appeared before the most se-  
lect and critical audiences. On hear-  
ing her sing for the first time, at  
Queen's hall, London, July, 1901, Char-  
lotte Heavinsides Marshall, an English  
poetess, wrote in *Gleanings by the  
Way* and dedicated to her these beau-  
tiful verses:

The magic of thy glorious voice  
Sank deep into my heart,  
Awaking slumbering memories  
That bade the teardrops start.

Fair memories of long vanished years,  
When thy father's genius shone  
A star in the dramatic world  
As radiant as thine own.

Farewell, sweet gifted sisters both,  
Twin stars now shining bright,  
Your heavenly strains exalt the soul  
And spread diviner light.

The *Paris Figaro*, 1903, speaking of  
her, said: "Miss Luranah Aldridge, the  
great singer, had a very great success  
at her concert on Wednesday," etc.  
The *American Register*, London, 1900,  
said: "Miss Luranah Aldridge's con-  
cert at Steinway hall was a decided  
success. The young singer possesses  
a sympathetic and rich contralto  
which was heard to advantage in  
many different songs of varied coun-  
tries and schools."

The *Referee*, a London musical pub-  
lication, says: "In spite of the popu-  
larity of the tango Messrs. Chappell

continue to publish papers. One of  
the best of these is 'Laughing Love,'  
by Montagu Ring. This admirably re-  
flects the spirit of the dance and is  
well calculated to animate the light  
fantastic toe." The *Daily Telegraph*,  
London, says: "At the Chappell con-  
cert one of the best of the novelties  
was Montagu Ring's melodious and  
smoothly written song, 'The Bride,'  
which was interpreted in impassioned  
style by Mr. Morgan Kingston."

Of Miss Ira Aldridge's vocal ability  
the *London Times* says: "The vocal  
recital given by Miss Ira Aldridge in  
Steinway hall last Friday night at-  
tracted a very large audience. Her  
finished and artistic singing was ex-  
hibited in songs in various languages,  
among which must be mentioned  
Scarlatti's 'Gloria in Soli,' the charming  
old German 'Ave Maria Zart,' the  
French 'Menuet d'Exaudet,' Schu-  
mann's fine 'Schatzgruber,' Coleridge-  
Taylor's expressive 'African Love  
Song' and Goring Thomass' 'Heart's  
Pancies.' The style of these different  
lyrics was fully grasped, and in all  
success won."

The *London Musical Courier* in its  
critique of the same recital said: "Miss  
Ira Aldridge, who gave a vocal recital  
in Steinway hall on the 5th inst., is a  
finished artist, who produces her voice  
with varied effect and according to  
the best methods. Her interpretation  
is thoroughly artistic and true to the  
intention of the composer. In favor of  
her beautiful voice and through being  
presented by Mme. Jenny Lind Gold-  
schmidt she was in girlhood selected  
scholar of the Royal College of Music.  
Later she studied under Mr. Henschel,  
two of whose songs, 'Morning' and  
'Oh, Hush Thee, My Baby,' she sang  
on the present occasion."

One of her best efforts was a group  
of three songs representing severally  
the early Italian school in an aria by  
Scarlatti, the German one in "Ave  
Maria Zart," dated 1675, and in the  
French style of the eighteenth cen-  
tury in the charming "Menuet d'Ex-  
audet," doing full justice to modern  
composers in songs by Villiers Stan-  
ford, S. Coleridge-Taylor, S. Liddle  
and Goring Thomass.

Miss Luranah Aldridge has a for-  
midable list of vocal and instrumen-  
tal compositions to her credit, which  
are being sung and played by musical  
artists all over England and the con-  
tinent. In the New Alhambra theater,  
Leicester square, London, the Assy-  
rian ballet presented by Theodor Kos-  
loff in November, 1913, opened with  
the first of her African dances. In a  
letter to me, speaking of the effect  
which this weird music seemed to have  
produced on the critics, who spoke of  
her as a Russian composer, she wrote:

"The ballet opens with the first of  
my African dances. The papers evi-  
dently think that Montagu Ring is a  
Russian. I have not troubled as yet to  
contradict."

Miss Luranah Aldridge's musical  
compositions are published by thirteen  
or fourteen music publishing houses in  
London. Her vocal and instrumental  
productions seem to have struck a  
popular chord, and the output of her  
facile pen finds a ready sale and a pop-  
ular reception among the higher class  
of artists and music lovers in England.  
If the war is soon brought to an end  
these two talented women, who have  
done so much with voice and pen in  
foreign lands to lift up the race of  
which their father was a notable and  
worthy example, may, if sufficient in-  
ducement is offered, visit the United  
States on tour and charm the music-  
loving public with exhibitions of their  
wonderful art.

In another private letter from Miss  
Luranah she speaks of her sister, Ira,  
who was visiting friends at Bath, Eng-  
land, and while there was urged and  
consented to sing at the celebrated  
Pump Room concert in 1905. One of  
her pupils, writing to her sister, Lu-  
ranah, about the concert, said: "My  
dear Miss Aldridge, I am sure you and  
your mother would like to know that  
I have heard from several sources how  
beautifully your sister sang at the  
Pump Room. My aunt writes to me  
that all agree she has a glorious voice!  
I don't fancy they often hear such  
singing in Bath, and I can quite un-  
derstand how much it was appreci-  
ated."

The achievements of these brilliant  
and talented women ought to be an in-  
spiration to every colored girl and wo-  
man in America who is musically in-  
clined. What the Aldridge sisters have  
done and are doing they can do. Go to  
the young women. The world is yours.  
Take it.

## NATIVE AMERICAN MUSIC BORN OF THE NEGRO RACE

*Chicago Defender*  
"Slave Spirituals" of the Bonds-  
men Were God's Way of Claim-  
ing Kin to Him—Origination of  
Plantation Melodies Finds Its  
Basis in Equation of Higher  
Laws.

NEGROES LEAD  
MUSIC WORLD

American Negroes Were Famed for Their  
Musical Learning Before the Emanci-  
pation, and Were Received Then as

Now in the World's Greatest Musical  
Culture.

In Omaha, Neb., there is a newspaper-  
man Napoleon III in 1863, and was a  
called the *World-Herald*, and what pur-  
ports to be a sheet with considerable  
influence. Its readers were treated with  
a rare bit of ignorance by one of its  
writers December 25. We believe in  
certify he did the best he could, and  
the benefit of our readers we are re-  
producing the article referred to. It  
reads as follows:

"One of the great myths, believed by  
nearly all mankind both in this country  
and across the ocean, is what has been  
called Negro music. It is white man's  
music, and not Negro at all. The edu-  
cated Negroes are repudiating it. It  
was mainly created by Stephen C. Foster.  
He may have caught some of the themes  
from the wild chants of the Negroes, but  
it is a white man's creation. He wrote  
'Old Uncle Ned,' 'Old Black Joe,' 'Suwa-  
nee River,' 'Old Folks at Home,' 'Old  
Dog Tray,' 'My Old Kentucky Home,'  
and many other songs that are called  
Negro melodies."

"It is also asserted that the Negro  
campmeeting songs and music were the  
work of white men. The Negro race is  
a musical race, and quick to catch a  
theme if it is of the rollicking or pa-  
thetic sort, and they added words and  
phrases without limit when under ex-  
citement; but the educated Negroes re-  
pudiate the whole thing. They have re-  
acted against everything that reminds  
them of the condition of their race whil-  
they were in servitude. They will not  
sing one of Foster's songs, and as for the  
campmeeting melodies they will have  
nothing to do with them. In their  
churches they keep up a kind of rhythmic  
loy. The lively tunes that they sing are  
sung in all the evangelical churches and  
the words are the same. These songs  
are all the productions of white hymn  
writers and composers. The race since  
emancipation has produced one genuine  
poet whose ability is everywhere acknowl-  
edged, and it may in the future produce  
composers of music, but none has so  
far appeared."

The songs of Stephen C. Foster, who  
wrote "Old Uncle Ned," "Old Black Joe,"  
"Suwanee River," "Old Folks at Home,"  
"Old Dog Tray," and "My Old Kentucky  
Home," are not considered musical class-  
ics and have never been claimed by  
musical critics or composers as planta-  
tion melodies or musical compositions of  
the race.

In music the world speaks with "golden  
tongue," and all is alike innately ac-  
quainted; each heart beats in sympathy,  
absorbing tones of melody, and the na-  
tions are one. The soul of any race is  
its music. To say that we have no soul  
to give to the world the version of the  
infinite creation of which we are a part  
would be more than an error. We need  
not go far to prove that the spirit that  
moves the mortal man is akin to us.  
Mr. Henry F. Williams and Mr. F. E.  
Lewis played at the Boston Coliseum in  
July, 1872. There were 2,000 musicians  
and 20,000 voices who participated in  
that musical festival. Mr. Williams was  
then one of the world's greatest musicians.  
He was born August 13, 1813. Some of  
his compositions were "Lauriette," pub-  
lished by Firth & Pond, New York, 1840;  
"Come, Love, and List Awhile," published  
by Pond & Hall; "It Was a Chance We  
Met," published by O. Ditson & Co., Bos-  
ton, 1866; "I Would I'd Never Met Thee,"  
published by O. Ditson & Co., Boston,  
1876. O. Ditson & Co. in 1854 published  
"Parisian Waltzes" and eight or ten polka  
redows and several mazurkas and quad-  
rilles. Mr. Joseph White, born in Man-

Cuba, played before all of the  
courts of Europe while we were yet in  
the chains of slavery. He appeared be-  
fore Napoleon III in 1863, and was a  
called the *World-Herald*, and what pur-  
ports to be a sheet with considerable  
influence. Its readers were treated with  
a rare bit of ignorance by one of its  
writers December 25. We believe in  
certify he did the best he could, and  
the benefit of our readers we are re-  
producing the article referred to. It  
reads as follows:

## MUSICAL AMERICA

New York City

MAY 20 1914

Recital at Colored Music School Settle-  
ment

Clarence Cameron White, a negro vio-  
linist, gave a recital on April 30 at the  
Colored Music School Settlement in West  
131st Street, New York, assisted by J.  
Rosamond Johnson, tenor, and Henry  
Lee Grant, pianist. Messrs. White and  
Grant joined forces in Sjögren's Second  
Sonata for violin and piano. Mr. White's  
solo offerings included a Sinding Romance,  
Cui's *Orientale*, an entr'acte from Mas-  
senet's "Les Erinnyes," the Wagner-  
Wilhelmj "Prize Song," Coleridge-Tay-  
lor's Gypsy Serenade and African Dance,  
the Chaminade-Kreisler Spanish Sere-  
nade, the Dvorak-Kreisler "Indian La-  
ment" and his own "Negro Chant." He  
exhibited excellent qualities as a per-  
former and was much applauded. Mr.  
Johnson's group of songs won praise, as  
did the piano playing of Mr. Grant.





Mrs. Vaccari,

Coloratura soprano, San Carlo Opera Company.

Bureau in the world

STAIR

COLLEGE. & A

NOV 12 1916

## A New American Dialect Dictionary.

In the colleges and universities of the country groups are being organized through the instrumentality of Prof. Percy W. Long, secretary of the American Dialect society, to collect peculiarly local expressions for the proposed American Dialect dictionary which the society hopes soon to issue. The society is looking for representatives who will make records of words, pronunciations and idioms in current or former use. The work is considered not only scholarly but patriotic. In the South both of these motives and the richness of the field to be investigated will doubtless lead to valuable additions to knowledge of American speech.

One has only to read the dialect or provincial stories, such as "Flush Times in Alabama," or "Major Jones' Georgia Scenes" to feel that there is something intensely interesting behind these variations, some of them familiarly common now. The four varieties of Missouri dialect which the author reports he used in "Huckleberry Finn" have a familiar ring in Mark Twain's masterpiece. After all, what is this American speech? Stripped of artificialities, it is not standard English. The fact is borne out by the instant recognition that the American tourist receives among Englishmen as an American in origin. On the tour of our navy around the world, the New Zealanders spoke of the sailors as men who spoke "with the twang." Long separation is certain to bring about further differences, especially in what is new, as for example, when a British minister speaks of "as they have taught us to say in America," a business proposition. Granting then that "United States" and English diverge ever so slightly, finally more widely, certain of these differences assuredly will come to have intense interest. It is well, then, to collect all the facts and make them available for scholarly interpretation. Modern English, the descendant of the speech of the East Midland England, shows certain variations from the former standard that may be recognized in manuscripts long before the dialect of this region established itself as the standard of king's English. What seems trivial at one time may come to have significance in later years.

A case in point may bring up an interesting problem. The errors exciting the wrath of a New England teacher assuredly have no apparent connection with the history of migration and settlement in this country; yet as a record of life, a knowledge of such dialectical variations may sup-

plement other knowledge. Here interest in genealogies may employ itself better than in seeking coats of arms or persons dangling from the family tree; for no more interesting study could be had than that of the origins of the elements of our democracy and the spread of political influence with the family life, in the different territories falling before the conquering march of a great people. The pedagogue Samuel Dearborn, in a sufficiently dull grammar of the year 1795, assembles a list of errors of his pupils during the ten year period of his service in the gentle art of instructing the young idea how to parse and write grammatically. In this index expurgatorius occur such words as "chimbly," "cornder," "skeered," "cotch," "drap," "dreen," "rozom," "bekays," "yourn," "sitch." Some of them reappear in Caleb Bingham's "The Child Companion," in 1797.

Now, it would have been quite instructive if Smauel Dearborn had stated whether the pupils came from near Boston or to what extent, if at all, his influence as a schoolmaster extended to other parts of the country. Certainly these errors are not confined to New England. In the South, these words are peculiar to the negro dialect. To what extent were they used by whites? That they were used by the whites, Samuel Dearborn's list is evidence. Indirectly, their presence in the grammar confutes the supposition that whites learned bad English from the negroes. Supposing, however, the negroes to

have learned them from the whites in the North and to have brought them to the South when slavery became unprofitable in the North, one only drags to the front a perplexing question requiring many facts and careful investigation. The truth back of it would be interesting. No one can deny that. The guess has been hazarded that Northern overseers in the South, who were not of the cultivated classes, had greater association with the negroes in the quarters than these latter had with the "white folks" of the plantations and that even recently imported slaves thus would absorb the provincialisms of the masters immediately over them in the fields. On the other hand, it is not certain to what extent "poor whites" so-called—the difference was not one of wealth but of immigration and of opportunity—spoke the same provincialisms which are revealed in Samuel Dearborn's grammar of 1795. Variations in America, too, go back to wider differences in England oftentimes, so that close dialectical study of the speech of that country, as recorded in

the dictionaries of Jameson and Halliwell, together with local work which dialect societies have been publishing from time to time, may reveal the fact that from certain centres in England, Ireland and Scotland there streamed forth emigrants to the new world who brought their speech with them and left their impress upon our language. The preponderance of the standard once disturbed, there would be set up new centres of development and of influence. In time, the variation from the parent speech would become marked. The extent to which this has gone is, of course, an interesting question for Americans.

The study then is definite, one in which persons with little linguistic training may engage. It will throw a new interest around old manuscripts. If the result is the saving of scattered and valuable old family letters, the investigation will have historical value. The immediate object of the Dialect society, however, is to leave speculation alone and record facts. The results of the work, collated with former material, will result in a new dictionary. In it will be found the homely elements of our speech which survive the assaults of time and grammarians and stick close under the linguistic hide. They have all the quaint suggestiveness of a Scotch air in the words of Bobby Burns. The desire of the society is less to say what is right and wrong than to say what is. The effort needs only to be brought to the attention of scholars in the various States to get cooperation that will bring results.

*Standard Sentinel*  
**SUCCESS OF RARE**  
9-22-16  
**MUSICAL GENIUS**

**Notable Recognition Accorded**  
**Albert E. Greenlaw.**

**STUDENT OF THE MASTERS.**

**Value of Due Preparation For Service Exemplified in the Career and Work of a Former Pennsylvania Boy Who Has Made Good in Canada and the West as Soloist.**

**By N. BARNETT DODSON.**  
While it is not a rare thing to hear of scores of young men and women of

the colored race who have attained greatness as finished musicians, both vocal and instrumental, yet there are scores still unheard of except in a local way. It is therefore a matter of pleasing information as well as a splendid evidence of the progress which members of the race are making in classical music. Albert Edward Greenlaw of Detroit, Mich., belongs to the class of songsters which has risen on his merit and whose services have been engaged by the most critical lovers of music for both religious and social entertainment in a very large way.

Mr. Greenlaw is a native of Scottsdale, Pa. His parents, Peyton and Hannah Greenlaw, removed to Canada when their son Albert was eight years of age. Young Greenlaw received his elementary education at Woodstock, Ont. Being musically inclined, his parents decided to give him a musical education. Mr. Greenlaw studied under some of the best teachers with special attention given to voice culture.

He made rapid progress in his studies and early showed signs of remarkable capacity for music of the most difficult composition. He finished his course in music with a fine record, and his success as a professional vocalist is due to the thorough preparation which he made before entering upon his chosen profession.

On account of his thorough preparation and ability as a soloist Mr. Greenlaw has endeared himself to the local public in Detroit, through which he has become known in other parts of the west. For ten years he has been constantly engaged by some of the wealthiest and most influential congregations among the white people in Canada doing solo work. For such services he receives liberal pay, which enables him to keep himself abreast of the times in the best music and also time to study and consult the highest musical authorities.

During the winter of 1915 Mr. Greenlaw was engaged by one of the most successful evangelists of the country who was laboring in Iowa. His solo work in this connection won great praise for him from the pulpit and press. Every place in which Mr. Greenlaw sang and every time it was announced that he would sing throngs upon throngs of people gathered to hear him, and it was said that much of the success of the revivalists with whom he labored was due to the marvelous sweetness and fullness of Mr. Greenlaw's wonderful voice.

Quite recently Mr. Greenlaw sang at the great mass meeting held by the Detroit branch of the National Association For the Advancement of Colored People, and his fine singing was quite a revelation in Detroit, his own



home town. It has so happened that he has always been detained from home in his profession and had been given no opportunity since perfecting his musical education to acquaint the Detroit people with the splendid quality of his work.

He is still a young man and in the near future intends to tour the east, where musical critics will have a rare opportunity to add their praises to the most successful male vocalist yet produced by the colored people. All lovers of music who have heard him are his friends and admirers.

The Hon. Alfred J. Murphy, noted circuit judge of Detroit, said of him: "It is a pleasure to attest his remarkable fine voice. In volume, range and



ALBERT E. GREENLAW.

# MUSIC NOTES.

(BY LUCIEN H. WHITE.)

What promises to be one of the artistic triumphs of the season is indicated by the program to be rendered tonight, Thursday, June 29, at the Manhattan Casino, by Edward E. Thompson and his brass band. Harlem will have an opportunity to hear such music as is usually only rendered by the symphony orchestras at Carnegie and Aeolian halls.

For many years musicians of merit have found employment in New York in small groups. But now Thompson has gathered together a large aggregation of schooled Negro musicians, and he is offering a most novel feature in the shape of a double octette, sixteen, slide trombones. The program offered by Mr. Thompson is as follows:

- La Cravane—(Geo. Asch).
- Descriptive Oriental march.
- Birds in the Woods—
- French Horn quartet with Flute obbligato.

The Butterfly—Morcean characteristic—(Max Bendis).  
Pilgrim's Chorus—from Tannhauser—(Wagner).  
Band and 16 trombones.  
Overture—"Der Tambou der Garde"—(A. E. Tül).  
Go 'Long, Mule, Go 'Long—(Will Dixon).  
Double Octette—16 Trombones.  
Intermezzo—"Forget Me Not"—(A. MacBeth).  
Band and 16 Trombones.  
Old Favorites of Colored Composers:  
(a) A Dream (Hogan); (b) Mandy; (c) Bamboo Tree (Cole & Johnson); (d) Nobody; (e) Bon Bon Buddy (Geo. Walker).  
March—"King of Clubs."  
Full Band.

According to published reports, Philadelphians are looking forward to a winter of extreme activity along musical lines. Talent from New York is scheduled for a large participation in these efforts, one of the most important being the contemplated appearance of Miss Ethel Richardson, a graduate of the Damrosch Institute of Musical Art, and a member of the faculty at the Music School Settlement, 4-6 West 131st street. Accompanying her will be J. Rosamond Johnson, who will appear in a program of original compositions.

Deacon Johnson, president and manager of the Clef Club, is negotiating for the appearance in Philadelphia during November of that musical organization. The Clef Club has just presented to the people of this city one of the most successful of its many affairs, appearing in the Ye Olde-Tyme Minstrel performance at the Manhattan Casino, presenting many of the most famous stars of the race. There is the regular tour of the Tempo Club under direction of James Reese Europe, who was formerly the head of the Clef Club and who was responsible for a large part of the fame gained in musical exposition by that club. Since founding the Tempo Club he has kept up this good work. And the Philadelphia folks are hoping that he will arrange a date for the appearance of the Tempo boys in that city.

Another musical attraction which is attracting attention is the announcement that Mme. E. Azalia Hackley has engaged Musical Fund Hall for an October date. Mme. Hackley has founded and developed the Normal Vocal Institute, 3019 Calumet avenue, Chicago, and she has built up a great institution there in a very short while. But she has also found time to present in various cities folk-song festivals in which programs of original compositions by race composers,

as well as all the old family plantation melodies, are rendered by choruses of two and three hundred voices. She has given festivals of this sort in Washington, D. C., Atlanta, Ga., Springfield, Cal., and other points in the West. She will do the same thing at the Philadelphia Musical Fund Hall, with probably the largest chorus she has yet gotten together. Certainly the Philadelphians are right in looking forward to Mme. Hackley's coming.

And then, too, they will have their own home institution, the Philadelphia Concert Orchestra, E. Gilbert Anderson, conductor, which is scheduled for a big musical event at the Academy of Music in December.

Away down South, at Dallas, Texas, the most ambitious plans are being laid for a mammoth Southern Negro Folk Song Festival, on July 26, 27 and 28, at which time it is hoped that there will be heard in that far Southern city some of the most distinguished musicians of the race. Positive announcement is made by the Dallas promoters that they have secured the services of Mrs. Daisy Tapley of New York who is referred to by the Texans as "the greatest living colored contralto soloist, who has the distinction of being styled 'The Colored Angel of Song.'" Mrs. Tapley has not, I think, sung so far South, and if she does go to Dallas, the Texans have a great treat awaiting them.

For this same festival, the promoters announce that the favorite Chicago singer, Mme. Anita Patti Brown, has been engaged. Mrs. Brown has just returned from an extensive South American tour, and according to all reports, she has added new laurels to her crown. He is in the East at this time, and is being heard with pleasure. Variety to the program is promised in the appearance of Dr. W. W. Lucas of Meridian, Miss., "the greatest colored humorist on earth," and referred to as a dialectician to whom the white people have accorded great honor.

A chorus of five hundred voices is being trained by Mme. Lynconia Haynes-Morgan. As Lynconia Haynes of Macon, Ga., Mrs. Morgan was a member of the Fisk Jubilee Singers, and enjoyed a reputation second to none as a soprano soloist. For a long while she has been located in the Southwest, teaching music, and this festival will give her opportunity to display the result of her endeavors. Then the accompaniments will be played by Mrs.

Portia Washington Pittman, daughter of the late Dr. Booker T. Washington, who studied the piano not only in this country but in Germany, also. Mme. Maggie C. Roberts, dean of music at Paul Quinn College, Waco, Texas, which position she has filled for fourteen years, will assist Mrs. Morgan in conducting the folk songs.

The annual recital of the pupils taught by Clarence Cameron White, the violin, occurs tonight at St. Marks' Congregational Church, Boston. An elaborate program of twenty-two numbers is to be rendered by the pupils. A feature will be the playing of the orchestral class, composed of thirty members, conducted by Mr. White.

An interesting recital was that given by the pupils of Miss Victoria Josephine Muse of New Haven, Conn., at the Odd Fellows Hall, Thursday evening, June 22. Miss Muse is herself a pupil at the Yale Conservatory of Music. A program of twenty numbers was rendered, ranging from the efforts of the beginners to the more developed playing of advanced pupils. Two prizes were awarded. The prize for the pupil who made the best record and showed most progress during the year, \$2.50 in gold, was won by Gwendolyn Elizabeth Bonner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred D. Bonner. Another prize, \$2.50 in gold for the best performance of the evening, was awarded to Beatrice Watts, daughter of Mrs. A. Watts.

Capital  
Topeka, Kan.  
APR 14 1916

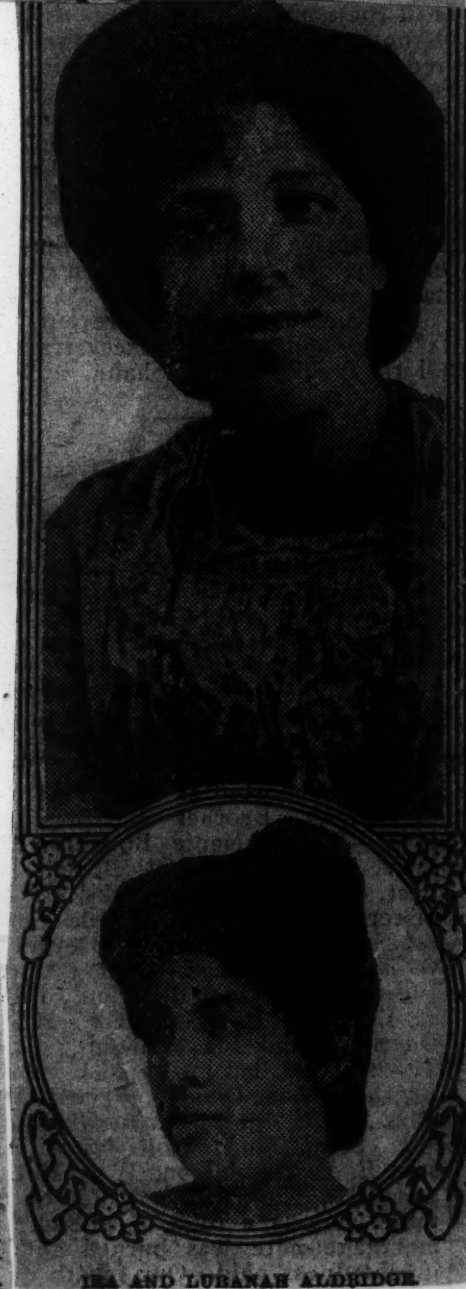
## THE AMERICAN NEGRO

**His Songs and Dances**  
The negro is very sensitive to rhythm. In the dances he is accompanied by the spectators with bones—a rude imitation of the Spanish Castanet—or tamborines, or lacking these, by an alternate slapping together of the hands and knees. In the United States, on the great rivers, on the plantation, or in other concerted labor, the negro early discovered the value of rhythmic song in aiding him in his work. A leader would give a line or two—memorized or improvised—and the crowd would join in the chorus—the rhythm enabling each worker to use the maximum muscular effort at the identical instant with his fellows—and thus produce the greatest power. The negro is peculiarly gifted in improvisation. The women's voices have a rare pathetic timbre within their natural range—which is narrow—sel-

dom extending further than from "A" below the treble staff to "D" in the staff. The tenor voices are somewhat harsh and dry—but the basses are usually rich and sonorous. Their time is almost always correct. Their instruments comprised the banjo, tamborine and bones.

There has been no original negro music since the Civil War in the United States. Political freedom is not conducive to melody. Music then becomes an intellectual art, with only an emotional foundation.

The negro melodies in "Heart Songs" are quite numerous. If for no other reason the work would be of permanent value on this account. The distribution now being conducted by this paper cannot last much longer—and we urge our readers to provide themselves with copies of a musical library in one volume that will always be a source of the highest pleasure to the whole family. The coupon which we publish daily explains the terms upon which the book may be had.—Advertisement.



IMA AND LURANA ALDRIDGE



# Music, Poetry and Art - 1916

## DABNEY'S ORCHESTRA IS MAKING HISTORY

*N. Y. Age*  
(By LESTER WALTON)

ONE of the novel places of amusement on the Gay White Way is Ziegfeld's Midnight Frolic atop the New Amsterdam Theatre, and one of the features of this unusual pleasure resort is Dabney's Syncopated Orchestra.

This musical organization enjoys the distinction of being the first colored orchestra to play regularly in a Broadway theatre. And it performs a double duty—furnishes all the music for the soloists, choruses, etc., to sing by, and serves enlivening strains for patrons who desire to indulge in a one-step, fox-trot or a waltz.

Three years ago when the dance craze was at its height, F. Ziegfeld, Jr., who is constantly doing extraordinary things on a large scale in the amusement world, conducted a dancing palace atop the New Amsterdam Theatre, employing two bands—one colored, the other white. He conceived the idea of giving New Yorkers something new in the entertainment line, so he produced Ziegfeld's Midnight Frolic, consisting of a two hours show and a dancing program which enables devotees of the terpsichorean art to spend two hours and a half enjoying their favorite form of amusement.

Upon making this radical change Mr. Ziegfeld did the unexpected by discharging the white orchestra and keeping the colored musicians. No one had any idea that a colored orchestra would be installed to accompany the white singers. At the time colored musicians were in great demand as dispensers of dance music, but no one had ever displayed the temerity to put them in a Broadway theatre as the regular house orchestra. But F. Ziegfeld, Jr., is one of the greatest showmen of his time, and has become so because of his daring and originality. He made Bert Williams the star of Ziegfeld's Follies, although many of his friends advised him against putting the colored comedian in this big white produc-

tion. Mr. Williams is still the highest salaried member of the Follies, because he is a box office attraction and making money for Mr. Ziegfeld.

The experiment of installing a colored orchestra in the Midnight Frolic was a big success from the start. Dabney's Syncopated Orchestra has been atop the New Amsterdam Theatre for three years and along Broadway the colored musicians are accredited with being accomplished and versatile musicians. The orchestra consists of Ford T. Dabney, piano; Allie Ross, violin; William Carroll, violin; William Parquette, mandolin; Charlie Wilson, cello; George Haywood, bass; F. Herrera, flute; Edward Campbell, clarinet; Crickett Smith, trumpet; Fred Simpson, trombone, and Dennis Johnson, drums.

Ziegfeld's Midnight Frolic is a stir when many farmers are about to get up to commence their day's work. It is a haven for amusement lovers who do not care to go home until morning. It is not unusual to stay until 10:30 in the evening, less than half an hour before some theatres close, that the Ziegfeld institution takes on an air of life and activity. Then the patrons dance until midnight. From 12 until 2 o'clock a vaudeville performance, with chorus girls in goodly numbers interspersed on the program at frequent intervals, is given. From 2 until 3 o'clock dancing is in order.

Twenty musical numbers are played nightly by Dabney's Syncopated Orchestra for the show alone. Mr. Ziegfeld proudly refers to the colored musicians as "my boys" and he believes in them because they play with plenty of life and plenty of pep." An incident occurred last spring which illustrated the confidence he has in them. Each year when the Follies return to New York from their road tour a joint performance and dance are given atop of the New Amsterdam Theatre by the members of the Follies and the Midnight Frolic. Nathan Franko's Orchestra had been hired to play the musical

numbers for the show, and was to alternate with Dabney's Syncopated Orchestra in furnishing the dance music.

Both orchestras were instructed to attend the rehearsal. Franko's orchestra numbered over forty musicians. There were eleven men in the Dabney organization. After the white musicians had played over one of the vocal selections several times, Mr. Ziegfeld, who was standing nearby, suggested that "my boys" try the number, as he wanted a little more "pep." The eleven musicians, trembling from suppressed excitement, knowing that they were the cynosure of all eyes, nervously took the orchestral arrangements and played as never before. They played as if inspired and sounded more like fifty men than eleven. When they finished there was a big round of applause from onlookers, and Mr. Ziegfeld dryly remarked that "my boys" had better play the number.

A few minutes later the suggestion was again made by Mr. Ziegfeld that "my boys" be permitted to play another number, which they did. The outcome was that the Dabney Syncopated Orchestra was designated to play all the numbers in the show. Franko's orchestra was retained to alternate with the dance music.

Those familiar with the record made by the colored musicians atop the New Amsterdam Theatre do not wonder why Mr. Ziegfeld has kept them for three years, which is a long life in the theatrical world. The answer is: They make good with a big "G."

A few earnest Negro-music students have studied the man—so broad, genial and human—carefully and thoroughly. Some Negroes have real musical accomplishments. Harry T. Burleigh, a pupil of Dvorak, is a baritone soloist at St. George's church, New York city, sings in the choir of the Jewish temple, Forty-fourth street and Fifth avenue, and is musical editor at *Record*. Mr. Burleigh's songs are published by Ricordi Co., G. Schirmer, the leading publisher of America, and Presser of Philadelphia. Nathaniel Dett, a very young man, recently from Oberlin School of Music, and now director at Hampton, has in his developed "Listen to the Lambs," published by Schirmer, proved his right to be taken seriously by his musical public. Carl Diton, a graduate of the

University of Pennsylvania, a student for two years in Germany, now teacher in Atlanta, Ga., is a thorough master of the science of music. Melville Charlton, both because of temperament and technique, is considered as ranking with the first organists of New York city.

Last, but greater than all of these, I must name a comedian, not a musician, George W. Walker, the late lamented partner of Bert Williams. His has been the greatest influence in the development of modern Negro music. At twenty-eight he could not read a note and could hardly write his name, yet day and night he talked Negro music to his people, urged and compelled his writers to give something characteristic. Each year he wanted bigger and better things. He engaged the best Negro voices in the United States, and their success in ensemble singing was as great in London, Paris and Berlin as in New York, Boston and Chicago. Dvorak would have been proud to know such a man. In all reverence—Dvorak—George Walker. They had high ideals and they showed the way. Perhaps in the vast hereafter, these two men may meet. The rough, uncouth, but genial Bohemian master; the uneducated but highly-polished, ebony-hued African, with the gleaming ivory mouth. Do you doubt that with one impulse their hands will join and the mastiff-like smile of the Bohemian will match the lazy grin of the American Zulu, as they both whisper the one word—"Another"?—New York Sun.

## CARL DITON TAKES CHARGE OF MUSIC DEPARTMENT AT TALLADEGA

Talladega, Ala., Jan. 18th.—Symphony evening was the main feature on last Friday at Talladega College. Professors E. W. Russell and C. R. Diton of the conservatory appeared in a grand recital before a large audience of teachers, students and friends, at Deforest auditorium. The main feature of the programme was Thokosky's famous Symphony in B minor. Prof. Russell played first and Prof. Diton second. There were intermissions of one to two minutes between the movements of the symphony in which Prof. Diton gave very helpful comments upon the nature of the music.

*Sarah Johnson*  
Talladega College welcomes Prof. Diton as head of the conservatory of music for his excellent work. He was born in Philadelphia, Pa., and gradu-

ated from the music department of the University of Pennsylvania, and also studied music at Munich Germany. He is well known both thruout the south and north where he has given many recitals. Prof. Russell's work, too, adds greatly to the music department of the school.

Among the visitors were Rev. Alfred Lawless of New Orleans, La., and Mr. R. M. McAllister of Vicksburg, Miss.

From EXAMINER

Address: Chicago; Ill.

Date

## Ruth St. Denis Likes Originally

RUTH ST. DENIS, who comes to the Palace Music Hall this week in a new dance pageant, is a young woman who has studied out her own theory of bodily rhythm and expression, and follows her own conclusions without reference to any school of Terpsichore.

"The negro is our real dancing teacher," she says. "To him it is a vital and necessary thing to dance. He loves it and gets much joy out of his easy and graceful, somewhat heavy, mode of movement, and so from the black we have learned what little underlying grace and naturalness of movement we possess."

"Several years ago, an American girl in Europe—Isadora Duncan—did a remarkable thing, and this thing that she did has changed the face of our theatrical art. Tights and corsets, high heeled slippers and hats and our ridiculous fashion in dress had so dwarfed our bodies and our ideas that had we seen Venus de Milo walking down Fifth avenue we should have shrieked and exclaimed, 'Heavens, what a figure!' Why, because for centuries we had eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, modest and immodest, clothed and unclothed, till we came to regard our impossible standards of art and life, the real and natural as the unreal."

"Isadora Duncan did not give us anything. She revealed to us what we already had, and this revelation is changing our entire mode of theatrical expression."

## PRESERVE THE NEGRO DIALECT.

High school music teachers in New York are reported to have disapproved of "negro dialect in songs published in public school text-books," and to have appointed a committee to ask music publishers to eliminate it.

Dr. Frank R. Rix, the musical director of those schools, said, according to the news dispatches, that "we want our children to learn pure English, not a dialect. . . . I think a change ought to be made through-



out the country."

From this it would appear that the music teachers of the metropolis have been groping for "an issue," and have hit upon about the poorest excuse for one that could be found. Hughes couldn't have done worse.

Upon what meat hath these New York music teachers fed that they have grown so great, or fine-haired, or hypercritical that they would put "Dixie," "Suwanee Ribber" and "My Old Kentucky Home" under the ban? That they would place the seal of their disapproval—because it is not "perfect English"—upon "Ol' Virginny?" Or crucify "Ol' Black Joe" upon the cross of rhetoric?

What has "Uncle Ned" done that the blithesome melody should be deleted from Gotham's song books? Rather, what have Gotham's youngsters done that they should be thus penalized and their enjoyment thus curtailed?

It is all nonsense! Expurgate from our American song books our good old southern melodies and you rob them of their best real, warm-blooded sentimentality. America would not "stand for" it; and surely New York is no better than America? Nor are New Yorkers more choice of their English than are the rest of Americans.

As a matter of fact, the charge has been made—and admittedly with some foundation—that the United States stands almost alone among the nations of the earth in its paucity of folk-lore and folk-songs; and, admittedly, too, the so-called "negro dialect" songs supply practically our only proof to offer in refutation of the charge.

True, our southern melodies may not be grammatically perfect as to English—but they know "no north, no south, no east, no west," in their popularity. They are sung by the girls and boys in the schoolhouses out in Oregon; sung round the campfire out in the heart of the Rockies; by the timber folk of New England; by prima donnas in the metropolis—and everywhere enjoyed with the same true, downright American spirit.

"Go to Sleep, My Little Pickaninny" has lulled as many little babes of the Great Lakes states into the Land of Nod, comparatively, as in the Cotton Belt. It is known and sung and loved everywhere on the continent. Some consider "Yankee Doodle"—because of the wording of it—sectional: "Dixie" is universal. Yet those precise New York teacher folk propose, in "Dixie," to "change the words 'de' and 'neber' to 'the' and 'never!'"

Good English? Who ever claimed those good old southern songs—or any of the old favorites, for that matter—are pure English? Of course they're not. They wouldn't be

characteristic; they wouldn't be half so sweet, half so popular, if they were.

Neither is "Annie Laurie" good English; nor "Bonnie Doon," nor "Hillan' Mary." Yet we like them, not for their rhetoric, but for their sentiment, their melody and themselves.

Let the school children of the land vote on what selections should remain uninterfered with in their song books, and it is safe to say that the "negro dialect" songs would be among the very last to go.

At the Fulton County High school commencement exercises in Taft hall last June the sweetest and most libertily applauded number on the whole program was Frank Stanton's "Mighty Lak a Rose," sung by one of the young girl graduates. The audience—seven-eighths of it school children—compelled her to "sing it over again."

No, the youngsters get enough grammar, English, correct-composition drill during class periods. Let them get "back to earth" betimes and indulge in a bit of real sentiment, real Americanism, when it comes time to sing.

And don't censor the plantation melodies from the song-books; for when you do you spoil them.

### COLLECTION OF RARE POEMS

9/14/16  
Many Good Things in Emanuel's Book of Verse, Says Bruce "Grit."

Charles A. Emanuel of St. Thomas, Danish West Indies, has recently published a collection of original poetry which his son, who is a printer, has printed for him. In this little pamphlet I find so many good things that it is difficult to make choice, so at random I select "Africa, Arise!" which reveals the strong race yearnings of the poet, says Bruce ("Grit"):

Africa, arise! The dawn of truth is breaking.  
Thy ransomed children come from lands afar,  
Following their leader in the soul's awakening  
'Gainst Error's host to wage perpetual war.  
Bitter the conflict; but, on Him depending,  
Naught can withstand their steady onward move.  
List to their voice, fear and darkness reading,  
As light and truth break from the throne above.

Long centuries of toil and of oppression,  
Long centuries of blood and conflict dire,  
Long centuries of bitter persecution,  
We have passed out unscathed through the fire.

Assembled here upon this gem of ocean,  
Beneath this sacred dome we bend the knee,  
With hands uplifted and with hearts' devotion,  
Thanksgiving now we offer unto thee.  
We praise thee, Father, for thy love which led us

Throughout the dangers of this doleful way.

We thank thee for the bread divine that fed us,

As heavenly manna falling day by day.

Africa, arise! Thy morning star is shining;

Thy light is come. Behold, thy truth appears!

Beyond this century's gloomy storm cloud's lining

Breaks forth the dawn-light of the thousand years.

Press onward, then, in joyful expectation

Of higher gains, of everlasting good.

Arise, unite, become a mighty nation,  
Lifting thy hands unto the living God!"

POST

Boston, Mass.

### FOLK MUSIC TO AID HAMPTON INSTITUTE

Folk-music of the Indian and colored people and demonstrations of the old-time life of the frontier and the South will be features of a unique programme now being arranged by Miss Harriot Curtis of Manchester, Mass., in aid of Hampton Institute, in which the society people of the north shore are interested.

There will be three meetings in Manchester under Miss Curtis' direction, Aug. 2, 3 and 4, and a large list of patronesses is being chosen. The programme will be much different from those usually given on the yearly visits of Principal Hollis B. Frissell and his assistants. Besides several full-blooded Indians, who are students at Hampton, the Hampton Quartet, regarded as the best among the colored folk of the country, and Allen W. Washington, newly elected commandant to fill the vacancy caused by the retirement of Major Moton to become principal of Tuskegee will be present.

Hampton is now engaged, as a side issue, in an organized effort for the study of native folk music. It has taken the lead of all organizations in the country with the exception of the Bureau of American Ethnology at Washington. The three days' meeting have been planned as folk-song concerts and will have peculiar value through the fact that the Indian students will sing their tribal songs in native costumes and in true Indian style, including a planting song and a war song, without harmonies or accompaniment. The colored quartet will sing many of the plantation melodies that have been forgotten in the North. Stories of Indian and African life will also be told by the students.

HERALD

Boston, Mass.

9/23/16  
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### THE WILLIAMS SINGERS.

9/16/16  
Philadelphia is soon to be favored with the appearance of the setette of musical people known as the Williams' Colored Singers.

Because of our policy to commend what is good and condemn what is bad, we say this word, unsolicited for them. We have heard them sing, and because we have we commend them as artists who should be encouraged, especially in this day when there are so many obstacles thrust across the pathway of the ambitious Negro. Furthermore, the Williams' Singers have traveled many years over the country, and so has the editor, and everywhere he has heard these singers spoken of there have been good words not only for their artistic ability, but for their personal character, and their conduct on the road.

And again, as we have found it necessary to criticize Philadelphia for being more interested in dancing than in music, we shall congratulate Philadelphia if she shall give to these Williams Singers the support they deserve, as in connection with their entertainment there is no dance. This gives a chance to prove to the promoters of music that it is not necessary to give a dance to draw people to hear real artists.

And we may add that the majority of the Williams' Singers were years ago, in our college days, members of the A. M. E. church choirs in Chicago.

THE DREW BIG AUDIENCE  
The Ladies' Aid of the First Methodist church made real money in bringing Blind Boone and his concert company, Miss Marie Jackmann, soprano, and Miss Marguerite Boyd, mezzo-soprano, here in concert. Over 2,000 people were in Convention hall and over \$700 was taken in. That means over \$300 for the women, who are paying for the parsonage by their own efforts.

4/18/16  
And the big crowd that heard the unique program enjoyed it. John Lange announced the numbers and they ranged from the serious efforts from the big composers to the plantation songs, full of swing and rhythm, that the composer-pianist sang with his two singers. The young women, and they seem very young, indeed, won encore after encore and earned them, as did the big pianist, who was in the best of good humors.

His work is remarkable, and an evidence of his effort and persistence. One incident of his stay in the city was his instant recollection at the Forum of the Bethel A. M. E. church Sunday afternoon of a girl whom he had not seen or heard since her babyhood. She shook hands and said:

"I am Nona Wilkerson, Mr. Boone." Back came the answer instantly: "Oh, yes, and you lived with your aunt down in ———, Mo., and held you on my knee many a time."

An excellent program of plantation songs, selected numbers and dialect readings was given at the Rexmere Thursday evening by the hotel waiters, in which Adolphus Johnson, author of "The Silver Chord" and other poems, featured. Mr. Johnson gave several humorous compositions which kept the audience in laughter from start to finish, and his readings were greatly enjoyed. The singing by the quartette of the "old plantation songs" and others of the "jubilee" class, in which our colored folk always excel, was enthusiastically encored and was a part of the program which was most pleasing. Mr. Johnson's book of poems, a copy of which he has presented to the Mirror-Recorder, and for which he has our thanks, is most interesting and evidences his ability as a poet and author.



# A NEW NEGRO POET ON HORIZON

By Wm. L. Stidger

William Stanley Braithwaite, Literary Critic of the Boston Transcript, one of the most conservative of Eastern newspapers, says of Edward Smyth Jones, the new Negro poet, "Mr. Jones' work has already won for him the approbation of many literary people, his poems having appeared from time to time in various publications."

The career of this, as yet, young Negro poet is romance such as America produced so often of an eager youth, so eager for education that he will make any sacrifice for it. And especially is this true among the Negroes of America, that race which as yet has had so little and which has made so much of that little. So this young Georgia boy eager for an education tramped the weary miles between his native State and Boston that he might matriculate in Harvard. Reaching Harvard Square, which he later eulogizes in liquid verse, he finds himself arrested as a vagrant, simply because he is black, and because the long, hard journey has played havoc with his clothes, and because he has no friends in the great Eastern city. Fortunately, however, after a night spent in the jail at Boston, in cell number "40" the night of July 26, 1910, he was rescued when his pathetic story was heard.

As I write this article now, away off here in San Francisco in July of 1916; and look back over my diary and discover that I too was in Boston on the very night that this young Negro poet was arrested, it gives me a feeling of regret that I did not know. I should like to have gone to his rescue, especially now that I have read his exquisite verse. But, who knows, perhaps I should, in the selfish way of human nature, have gone my way, even though I had known.

But not now. Not after having read his book of poems, called "The Sylvan Cabin." Never will he lay in jail over night where there is the least sign of literary appreciation.

I quote again from the great Boston Transcript critic, when I say: "The opening poem, which celebrates the centenary of Lincoln's birth, with its fine imaginative sweep, is as good as any poem I have seen which that occasion called forth."

In addition to this great ode to Lincoln one of the most exquisite bits of pure poetry is

called "To Estelle" and I quote it in full, for a lark sings here, a lark like unto the liquid note of his own Georgia meadowlark in Spring time:

"Coy, sweet maid, I love so well,  
Fair Estelle.  
How much I love tongue cannot tell,  
Sweet Estelle.  
But I love Thee, love Thee true—  
More than violets love the dew,  
More than roses love the sun—  
Thus I love Thee dearest one,  
Dear Estelle!

Ah! my heart love's passions swell  
For Estelle!  
How I love my actions tell  
Thee Estelle:  
That I love Thy smiling face,  
And thy captivating grace—  
Love thy dreamy witching eyes  
More than planets love the skies,  
Wee Estelle!

Now I smite my lyre to swell  
For Estelle;  
Music's most entrancing spell  
O'er Estelle.  
With my fingers on my keys,  
Like the balmy morning breeze  
Stealing softly through the grain,  
Will I gently wake a strain  
For Estelle!

A Thanksgiving song that sings itself into your heart are you are aware, and the refrain of which lingers long after you have laid aside the book runs through these lines:

"For the sun that shone at the dawn of spring,  
For the flowers that bloom and the birds that sing,  
For the verdant robe of the grey old earth,  
For her coffers filled with their countless worth,  
For the flocks which feed on a thousand hills,  
For the rippling streams which turn the mills,  
For the lowing herds in the lovely vale,  
For the songs of gladness on the gale,—  
From the Gulf and the Lakes to the Ocean's banks,—  
Lord God of Hosts, we give Thee thanks!"

There are five stanzas like the above summarizing in sweetly flowing verse the things that we of America have to be grateful for, and every stanza is as rhythmic as the one which I have quoted.

The "Ode to Ethiopia" is perhaps the strongest thing in the book aside from the poem on Lincoln, and in this ode, in majestic language the poet, proud of his race piles up, mountain high verses with name after name, and deed after deed, which heretofore have been emblazoned on the pages of history as men of the Caucasian race, as men of Ethiopia. I have used this poem myself as a basis for a sermon on the "Negro Race and What We Owe It." Here in rhythmic sweep troop the names Touissant, Maceo, Aquinaldo, Hamilton, Douglas, Bruce, Revels, Langston, Pinchback, Cheatham; Dan Williams who "Here first stitched the human heart;" Coleridge-Taylor, Blind Tom, Max Barber, Thompson, Knox and Fortune; Cooper Braithwaite, Dunbar; a magnificent roll call, only a few of whose names have I mentioned in this stumbling prose. How much more triumphantly has this young Negro poet named them in his great Ode! I wish every Negro in America might read it. New courage would be his thereafter; new pride: new hope!

I want to quote a bit of good Christian Life Philosophy which I have myself memorized from his book to use when I preach to white people everywhere:

"Put nothing in another's way,  
Just learn the Christian part,  
To let a holy, sunny ray  
Shine in Thy Brother's heart.  
Help him to bear his load of care,  
His soul get edified—  
'Twas only for the soul's welfare  
That Jesus bled and died.

Put nothing in another's way,  
Ye who are sent to teach;  
No dark cloud cast across the day,  
Ye who the Gospel preach.  
Ye twain must set the truth aright  
With joy, and peace, and love;  
For in your souls shines forth the light  
From Jesus Christ above!"

Then I think as a closing quotation from his book that I will call again to your mind the "Harvard Square" poem, which he wrote in "Cell No. 40" of the Boston city jail; he who had tramped so many weary miles in order to get a chance at an education. It ought to give new fire to every Negro boy's heart! It ought to be a living inspiration to every Negro girl who is eager to go to college, the thing that burned in this boy's heart as expressed in this last verse that I offer here:

"I came," I said, "O'er stony ways,  
Through mountain, hill, and dale,

## PORTLAND, ME. Express FEB 27 1916 COLORED TENOR DELIGHTS WITH FINE PROGRAM

Roland W. Hayes, the young colored tenor, whose advance notices held out hope for a fine display of vocalism, gave a recital of much interest at Pythian Temple last evening, under the auspices of Forest City Lodge, G. U. O. O. F.

His voice is exceptionally pure and sweet, with richness in the lower register and considerable volume. He used it with excellent control and the effects were very pleasing to the good sized audience in attendance.

Mr. Hayes has all the inborn love of melody characteristic of his nation, and some of his songs especially made a most tender appeal to his hearers.

The vocalist gave a program of perhaps a dozen numbers, each of which was especially effective in its way. The Celeste Aida selection was given with dramatic expressiveness and the English songs were done with excellent expression and technique, while the Negro ditties for which Mr. Hayes has a peculiar knack, delighted his audience.

There were many encores and a pleasing feature of the evening was the piano work of Mr. Charles J. Harris, who not only accompanied the vocalist but gave two admirable solos.

The occasion was the observance of the second anniversary of the lodge and those in charge of the affair were: Harry E. Love, N. G.; Silas B. Ball, P. S.; Moses S. Green W. T.; Eugene Freeman, advocate; Arthur Hoyt, P. N. F.; Joseph Fisher, W. C.; John Gaskill, N. F.; Samuel Withers, P. N. G.; E. B. Howard, V. G.; J. Albert Love, I. G.; J. Alex Dumas, warden; George Freeman, E. S.; J. Bridges, R. S. N. G.; H. Palmer, L. S. N. G.; George Carter, R. S. V. G.; Charles Wayman, L. S. V. G.

Committee—A. Hoyt, George Carter, J. A. Love, John Gaskill, J. Sherman Norris, John Dumas.



I've felt Old Sol's most scorching rays,  
And braved the stormy gale;  
I've done this, Printer, not for gold,  
Nor diamonds, rich and rare—  
But for a burning in my soul  
To learn in Harvard Square!"

What a challenge there is there! What a challenge in this boy's life. I do not know where he is now. He was in San Francisco during the Exposition. I enjoyed meeting and talking with him. I had planned to have him at my home for dinner, but when I went to his room to find him, where he was valiantly and heroically serving as janitor of a brother preacher's church trying to make money enough to finish his collegiate work in the University of California, he was gone. I speak this word now for him to his own people. I hope these lines may find him again for me, and I hope that they may inspire many a Negro reader of this paper to get his book, which is published by "The Dherman French Company of Boston, a worthy book for my table, and a worthy book to be on yours any time.



ALFRED JOHNSON  
Illustrator of the famous Tenth  
Cavalry, who contributed a very in-  
teresting article on music.

## DEVELOPMENT OF MUSIC AMONG US

This age has seen a tremendous development in the realm of music, but no phase of this development has been more important than that of colored musicians and composers and teachers of music blossoming out by the hundreds and in such force and with such genius that the few most musical critics of the world are fain to recognize a distinct school in this new group—the American school, they ambiguously term it in Europe.

Our advance along the lines of music has been as rapid and as startling (to outsiders) as our progress along most other lines. It was only a few brief years ago that one attending a colored reception or other social affair would be forced to dance to the music of Caucasian fiddlers or not to dance at all. If a colored musician was ever in evidence he was bound to be a white-union man and as such could employ only union men. And as there were but few colored musicians in the white union it generally meant a white orchestra nominally led by the colored union musician who had found the job.

Now, so great has been our musical preparedness, our colored musicians are in turn invading the white musicians' domain. Colored musicians are in demand at all the smartest affairs and at those places where music is served with one's meals. A fox-trot or a one-step cannot be executed in proper rhythm without the co-operation of the colored master of the syncopated form. And the musical conquest has been even more complete within the race than outside. To-day, numerous as are the social functions of the colored people, white musicians are rarely seen at them and certainly none are really needed.

Little did the Caucasian artist dream, when he controlled and alone was favored by the Muse of Music, that within a decade that fair dreamer, aided and abetted by the guiding hand of changing Fortune, would acknowledge beauty and controlling genius in any other instrument but his own. But such has been the case. Whatever the colored man may be in other spheres, in that of the syncopated Muse he is supreme.

And with such stars in the field as J. Rosamond Johnson, David I. Martin, Will Marion Cook, James Reese Europe, W. H. Tyers, Tim Bryan and a host of others, there is no reason to doubt that the conquest will be complete. Even now the Music Settlement School under the direction of J. Rosamond Johnson and the Martin-Smith School of Music under the direction of David I. Martin and Miss Elise Smith are doing wonders in the development of classical music among the young ones of the race.

TRIBUNE

Chicago, Ill.

DEC 16 1916

## Negro Music in Suite. Mme. Samaroff Plays

M R. STOCK'S ready justification for putting Thorwald Otterström's "American Negro" suite into the tenth program lay in the rapture with which it was received by yesterday's Orchestra audience: in sheer detonatory measurements

the applause for the composer, when led on by the conductor, was as great as any heard at a Friday concert since Eddy Brown's visit.

But the suite was, far beyond that, its own justification as a sincere and clever effort to carry out an idea which is not the sole possession of Mr. Otterström. The notion that what is called Negro music must be the essential basis of what Dvorák called "a serious and original school of composition to be developed in the United States" is as old, at least, as the American visit, a quarter-century ago, of the Bohemian, whose "New World" symphony remains the

sole and somewhat-tentative triumph of the theory.

Although Mr. Otterström took, he says, six of the seven lifts for his suite from a collection called "Slave Songs," only one of the seven belongs under such a title; the others are camp-meeting and revival songs, having their origin in the emotional workings of the American (or Americanized) Negro in reaction to the appeal of the Wesleyans and other missionaries. Persons with a generation's retrospect in such matters should recall that the tunes selected by him, with countless others, were in the ready list of the band which toured the country year-after-year as the Fiske Jubilee Singers—a title still in use, perhaps, in the minor sectors of the adroit mercantile operation known as the "Chautauqua movement."

Such character as most of these camp-meeting songs possessed was put into them in the frenzied execution by the original singers, and was only in small part inherent. The highly-elaborated versions were spontaneous, and, I suspect, defiant of adequate transcription for the purposes of men like Dvorák and Mr. Otterström: not even Coleridge-Taylor, with a racial predisposition, was entirely successful in getting the full, rich, lawless, pagan flavor.

Mr. Otterström's suite represents a skillful utilization of material he was compelled to learn at second-hand. Because of the dilution, doubtless, the effect is Negroid rather than Negro: the rumbling rhythm, the beat born of the low bleat, the sense of executed improvisation in the "rag"—these qualities are missing. Because, no doubt, it had a long survival in the affections of the burnt-cork performers and the "coon-singers" of the variety-theatres, the tune called "Trabel On!" stands out with most Negro character in the suite: Mr. Otterström has made the old walk-around into an entrancing bit of comedy in march-time; and I am certain that yesterday's audience swayed a bit to it.

Madame Samaroff, using all of the post-intermission part of the schedule, played brilliantly Brahms' first concerto: hers was the doing perfectly by a perfect thing. B. L. T. himself, has no keener flair for the righteous rondeau of verse than she for the riant rondo which is the third movement of this work.

The "Oberon" overture—loveliest of the attached but detachable compositions in the form—and the mussy, fussy thing by Stephan called Music for Orchestra were other matters in the program.



# African Descendants and Children Are the Real Artists of To-day, Says Robert J. Coady.

MORNING TELEGRAPH  
New York City  
MAR 26 1916

By ADAM HULL SHIRK

"THE negro is better fitted for a service to art than is the white."

"Jack Johnson's shadow dancing is the most beautiful dancing of modern times, and when he strikes a fighting pose we are carried back to the days of Greek bronzes."

"The Matt M. Shay, America's largest locomotive, is the finest modern work of art in the world and ranks in esthetic importance with the best product of the biggest epochs of the past."

"Nearly everything that is a contribution to art which is typically American to-day has been produced by the negro."

"A negro girl came under my notice who declared she could not draw. I gave her crayons and paper and told her to make a line with the crayons, if she could, using her own choice of color and her own idea of form. She produced in the course of time a picture which, if she had changed two straight lines and added one curved line, would have been one of the finest pieces of cubic art in this country, ranking with any that has been done here. And she had been given absolutely no instruction."

"The negro lives a life, even in this age of cold commercialism, that is full of poetry."

THE foregoing quotations require an explanation, because they sound radical, do they not?

If you really think so, drop in some time for a quiet chat with Robert J. Coady, at the Washington Square Gallery, and I am of the opinion you will hear many more radical statements, for Coady has the courage of his convictions concerning art.

What is American art, anyway? Do you know?

I'll confess I thought I did until my interview with Coady, but now I begin to believe that all my preconceived notions on the subject were erroneous. They were based on the simple acceptance of the general opinion, and you know how general opinion may sometimes be quite a distance from the fact.

Mr. Coady is from Brooklyn, a young man of thorough training and extensive study in art matters, and of excellent family. A few years ago he went across to Paris to continue his artistic studies, and in 1908 returned. Incidentally, he was the first of the "new men" in art to come back. Here, however, he found nothing in the shape of an acceptance of his views, which this same general opinion labeled freakish, and, according to Coady, the old-line artists in most instances refused to consider at all. He had a hard time of it. So hard, in fact, that he was forced to spend three valuable years in running a bathhouse at Coney Island.

If not artistic, the new profession was at least lucrative, and it gave Mr. Coady an unrivalled opportunity of studying the nude at first hand. And while he was industriously rubbing some of our highly respected citizens, he was at the same time developing his theories and putting by money against the time when he should throw several bombshells into the trenches of the old-school artists.

Casting about for an explanation of why this part of the world refused to accept his ideas about art and at the same time complacently permitted him to employ all sorts of fancy and original methods in massaging its collective back, he found, he declares, that while there is much art here awaiting development, the art

world contains little or none of it. Such being his belief, he was incensed because he couldn't make himself heard on the subject. Why should his new and improved methods of manipulating the human form, which might be quite radical in nature, be accepted, and his contentions concerning painting be rejected?

He saved up his money, and then, having shaken the dust, or rather the water, of the bathhouse from his feet, he started in pursuit of raw material. And it was to the mission schools he went—schools where the children of the other half are educated—the other quarter, indeed. Schools in the Bronx, in Brooklyn, Harlem. He specialized on colored children, because, he asserts, they evidenced the greatest aptness and displayed creative instinct of a high order.

HERE is an interesting phase. Mr. Coady says:

"I look to the negro race for a very important contribution to the development of American culture. The negro is better fitted traditionally for service to art than the white man and even now, in the cold commercialism of the present day, his life is full of poetry."

"Why is the negro well-fitted traditionally for a service to art?" I asked with copy-book precision, since I was venturing upon strange waters.

Mr. Coady narrowed his eyes and ran a nervous hand through his short, red hair, which is never combed in the accepted sense of the term.

"Cezanne, the father of modern art," he explained, "though born in France, had a Creole mother, and this negro-Spanish influence is what is felt in his work. The man who carried his principles in art further than anyone else—Picasso—is a Spaniard with negro ancestry. Next in importance to Picasso is Gris, another Spaniard, with the same traditions. Next is Iriarte, a Mexican, springing from the same root. Picasso's work is distinctly inspired by and relates itself to the Congo."

HERE, then, in Greater New York, among the children of the sometimes wretchedly poor, Coady has, he declares, found the genesis of an American art that is pure, even though crude and imperfectly developed, and which has already expressed itself in certain examples that rank with the biggest epochs of European art.

Doubtless out of revenge for those three years in which he scraped along at Coney Island, rubbing elbows with the masculine element which seeks rehabilitation at the Island; years in which he saw men closely and intimately, and probably imbibed some private opinions that he wouldn't care to express publicly about people who come to bathhouses—Coady loses no opportunity to expose whatever he is pleased to term insincerity or downright ignorance among the artists of the regular schools.

"The art world of this country to-day," he declared, "has imported its culture from Europe and has overlooked what is already here. It has made itself up of imitations of European culture and there is nothing American in those imitations. The drawings made by my youngsters are important because they are genuine. They have sprung from the soil and heretofore nothing in art has been developed from the American soil."

"Why," I asked, "do you consider the examples of so-called American art unrepresentative?"

"Because," he answered, "they spring from three groups that are un-American. First is the academic, which is an imitation of the beaux arts of France. Sec-

Music, Poetry and Art—1916  
During the second week in December Mrs. Meta Varrick-Fuller gave a talk on modeling before a most interested audience of kindergarten teachers of Greater Boston, at Boston Normal School.

Criss, Feb. 1916, Page 163



is the group composed of technicians who have broken away from the academicians; third are the so-called modernists, who are imitators of the French imitators or ismists—which includes cubists, futurists, and so on. To put it pointedly, I've found good examples of art in nearly every field of activity here—outside the field of art! Examples that rank with the output of such periods as Rome and Pompeii."

**M**R. COADY'S method of developing the creative instinct and the artistic appreciation of his children classes, is to let them develop themselves. In other words, he is a teacher who doesn't teach. To teach, he asserts, would be fatal. That is what is wrong with the ordinary systems. Individuality is what counts.

These children of his are of the play age—six to thirteen—and the one important thing in his system is that they shall play to their heart's content. They are urged to get as much fun as they can out of the colored crayons and white paper he gives them. They are merely asked to fill the paper with whatever form or color best pleases them.

"Half the time," he laughed, "when I come out of a melee with these little savages I have left about half my clothing behind. They are rough at play, but I don't mind. That play instinct is natural and from it develops the capacity for pleasure of a higher sort—this results in the creative impulse by which it is expressed. The masters went through just such training—except that their play experience was wider."

Just here, I wish to call attention to an important point:

Mr. Coady declares that, according to his belief, the sense of proportion developed to the extent necessary for the appreciation and enjoyment of a great work of art will care for all the social questions that agitate the world. Perhaps this contains a lesson for reformers and workers for the correction of the evils of society. Coady doesn't go in for that phase of it. The psychological and physiological sides of the question he leaves for others to dally with. He is concerned with the artistic development alone and says that in four classes so far he has found 40 per cent. displaying aptness for drawing and believes he has discovered seven or eight real artists. He is developing the esthetic appreciation of these kiddies so far as their capacity permits.

Is there a relationship between the crude drawings of these colored children, and the best work—of the "moderns"? Coady finds there is and this is significant. Also he sees that the African heredity of the embryonic artists, coupled or mixed with American environment, has totaled up something resembling (or relating to) Africa.

**P**ERHAPS the most radical statement made by the artist is this:

"Nearly everything that is a contribution to art which is typically American to-day has been produced

by the negro. For example—ragtime, buck and wing, the cakewalk, and even the modern forms of dancing—which are decidedly of negro origin. The sense of rhythm, the sportive faculty, abandon, spirit of play, athletic activities—have their beginnings somewhere in the almost primitive depths of Africa.

"Consider Jack Johnson, whose shadow dancing is the most beautiful dancing of modern times.

"When Johnson strikes a fighting pose we are taken

back to the days of Greek bronzes.

"Call him what you will, his esthetic value is far beyond anything in the art world to-day."

At the galleries, Coady has many pictures of motives and these to him are remarkable artistic contributions.

"The 'Matt M. Shay,'" as remarked, "which is America's largest locomotive, is the finest modern work of art in the world and ranks in esthetic importance with the biggest epochs of the past."

**R**EVERTING to his colored children again, he stated that he is now concentrating on those in the Brooklyn school. The pictures they produce, when of genuine merit, are, he says, displayed in the gallery not as children's work but as works of art. They are selling well, and the money derived from their sale is used to continue the work.

"It is a great temptation to show the children 'how' sometimes," said Mr. Coady, "particularly when they come so near doing something fine. But this would be altogether wrong. The child must not be robbed of his artistic focus by being told what to do and how to do it. The moment that is done, the teacher's individuality takes possession of the childish mind and the creative instinct is no longer responsible entirely for the product. My most stubborn case was that of a negro girl who declared she couldn't draw. I gave her crayons and paper and told her to make a line with the crayons, if she could, using her own choice of color and her own idea of form. She produced, in the course of time, a picture which, if she had changed two straight lines and added one curved line, would have been one of the finest pieces of cubic art in this country, ranking with any that has been done here. And she had been given absolutely no instruction.

"In short, with these children, each individuality has been exercised by applying memory, imagination and vision to nature—the masters and tools of art. These children have not been controlled by any theory or ism. As a consequence their work is pure, natural, naive, individual; and in many instances they have struck a contact with their great African past whose culture is to-day influencing the art of the whole world."

**S**O there you are!

You'll find dozens disagreeing with Mr. Coady to one who agrees with his theories. You may have difficulty, as I did, in grasping his point of view and seeing, with eye trained by academic standards, merit in the bizarre creations not only of the children, but of the modern masters in that phase of art. But you will not fail, if you talk with him, to be impressed by his sincerity and his tenacity. One wonders if he applied the same methods to his perspiring subjects during the exciting days at the bathhouse. Seriously, he is radical, but is the first to assail the ones he believes to be mere charlatans, who pretend an appreciation and understanding they do not possess, for purely commercial reasons. He believes, in short, in absolute freedom in art.

Incidentally, the next time you indulge in a fox trot, lame duck, grape vine—any of the new dances—or when you see the Castles or the Waitons doing a turn, reflect whether or not there is something African in the movements, something sensuously undulating, rhythmic in the motions that recalls the weird gyrations of a band of naked savages about a fire in the heart of the Congo. Consider if these same motions, with their abandon,

possess and express the perfection of beauty and of art!

Perhaps Coady's ideas are not new; it is possible they are quite old, in fact. Most so-called new things are but rediscoveries. But with each presentation they meet the same conflict and fight the same fight for acceptance. I do not pretend to say whether Coady is entirely or only partially right. But he is sincere, and where there is sincerity there must be something of Truth. And in this world of chance and change, with wars and rumors of wars, with rows in Congress, with pacifists, peace parties, Charlie Chaplin contracts and baby weeks—who can infallibly place his thumb upon Truth and be certain she is not, like the Irishman's flea, already somewhere else?



Head by Picasso, a Master of the "New Art."





*morning sketch.*

*3/26/19*

This Drawing by a Colored Child Would Be a Fine Example of Modern Art, Says Mr. Coady, With but a Few Trifling Changes.



# Music, Poetry and Art - 1916

## Edw. Smyth Jones Distinguished Poet on Visit to City

him fame if it were widely known, but this is by no means his only writing. As good an illustration of his "Other Poems" as I know is the Thanksgiving poem, "A Song of Thanksgiving."

New York Tribune

16 February 1916

## W. SHAKESPEARE IN MAYOR'S CHAIR

### City Plunges Into Series of Pageants in Preparation for Great Masque.

### NEGRO COMPANY TO GIVE "OTHELLO"

### Celebration May Lead to Na- tional Drama School as Me- morial to Playwright.

EDWARD SMYTH JONES, the well-known negro poet—greater than Paul Lawrence Dunbar, some think—is spending a few days in this city. He comes with his neat little book of verse "The Sylvan Cabin," a centenary ode of the birth of Lincoln that has astonished many a literary critic for its vision, its inspiration and the singing tones of its beautiful language. He has ideals, this bright-eyed little man with his short pointed beard of jet, he will do something more for his own race along the lines that Booker T. Washington traced. That is why he is selling his poems, that he may establish his national negro magazine where all manner of unfound talent may be brought to light in its pages.

He says that the negro can write, has brilliant ideas, but no opportunity to have them recognized, they need a literature of their own, their thoughts guiding in better and nobler ways.

The poet's talent is generously recognized by Rev. William L. Stidger in a recent number of the California Christian Advocate. "His one real work so far," he writes quoting from W. S. Braithwaite, critic of the Boston Transcript, "is 'The Sylvan Cabin,' an interpretation of Lincoln, which has never been surpassed by any writer, Markham or Whittman. It is a tremendous thing. It has in it the sweep and beauty and the heart cry of a race. This one great poem should give

a company of strolling players.

### Scores of Pageants.

The public library will uphold its end of the celebration in April and May by an exhibition of the most extensive collection of rare editions of Shakespeare that has ever been brought together. Every case in the exhibition hall will be filled with priceless folios and quartos in possession of the library or from the libraries of most of the wealthy collectors in the country. The director of the Public Library, Edwin H. Anderson, stated yesterday that even in England it would not be possible to assemble a finer collection of Shakespeareana.

In the mean time the scores of pageants and festivals for which the tercentenary committee is planning will be produced by different groups in every section of the city, and from those who participate in the local celebrations the chorus and actors for the great community masque will be selected. The plans for the introductory pageants are so inclusive that there is hardly any one in the city who will not have the opportunity to satisfy any pent up craving that he may have to wear the ruffles and swords of three centuries ago.

A woman's club is to give a Shakespearean breakfast in costume very soon, and an organization of colored actors will produce "Othello" in a theatre in 125th Street. The Parks and Playgrounds Association is to give an Elizabethan pageant in the streets on several days; the Public Schools Athletic League will hold a fête in Central Park in the middle of May, in which 11,000 school children will take part in sword and morris dances of old England. The settlements for social work have divided the city into four sections, and each group will present an out-of-doors festival or pageant in costume. Each high school is producing a Shakespearean play, while the Association of High School Teachers will give a performance of "Twelfth Night."

### Masque the Climax.

The climax of the celebration will be reached in the production of the Community Masque, written for the occasion by Percy Mackaye. The masque will include scenes from Shakespeare's plays and will introduce his most popular characters, which will be interpreted by professional actors. It will take place out of doors at night, and with the scenery and lighting effects that are being designed for it the immense number of spectators, many of whom will be in costume, and the 2,000 who will actually take part, it will be the most spectacular production that New York has ever witnessed.

In form the Community Masque will be a symbolic drama illustrating the progress of dramatic art, through Greek tragedy and the mystery plays of the Middle Ages to the present time. Its prologue, three acts and epilogue will be separated by interludes in which community groups will take part in pantomime, dance and chorus to illustrate the drama of the ancient world as well as of Europe. The incidental music has been composed and arranged by Arthur Farwell, and will be played by an immense orchestra.

The masque will be performed on a great outdoor stage, an adaptation of the Elizabethan stage to a Greek amphitheatre. The costumes and stage properties will be designed competitively by students in the art schools of the city and made by those who will wear them. This is in accord with

the spirit in which the entire production will be given. It is to be in every sense a work of the community, not a matter of paid performers and decorators.

The tercentenary celebration, of which the Community Masque is only a part, belongs to a movement that is nation wide. It has been suggested that the establishment of some suitable memorial to Shakespeare should be the ultimate result of the hundreds of plays and pageants. A plan for the founding of a national school of acting and dramatic production has met with the greatest favor.

### A NOTED BANDMASTER.

ADVICES from the Philippines state that Walter H. Loving, for fifteen years conductor of the Philippine Constabulary Band, has retired with honor with the rank of major. The well-known bandmaster is said to have found it necessary to relinquish his duties as conductor of the famous musical organization because of ill health. He will spend the next two years of his life at Fort Bayard, New Mexico, in the dry air which is necessary if he is to recover from the complaint which has attacked him.

Major Loving has a large acquaintance in this country, where he has and has many friends in Washington, St. Louis, Baltimore and other cities will be surprised to learn of his illness, as he is a man of large and robust physique and has always enjoyed good health. The climatic conditions of the Philippines are said to be responsible for his present condition. 3/2, 1916.

The Philippines Constabulary Band, under the direction of Major Loving, has appeared before the American public on a number of occasions. It was one of the features of the World's Fair in St. Louis, and also attracted favorable attention at the inauguration of President Taft, who was at one time Governor of the Philippines.

The Manila Daily Bulletin gives the following account of Major Loving's farewell:

In the presence of the largest assemblage ever gathered on the Luneta on an occasion of this nature, Captain Water H. Loving, retiring bandmaster of the famed Constabulary Band, last evening conducted his last concert, at the conclusion of which he was formally presented with a handsome gold watch, suitably engraved, a platinum chain, and a purse of gold, by Judge Gilbert in behalf of the Manila community. Prior to this event he was presented with a beautiful loving cup from the members of the organization of which he has been the head and moving spirit for nearly 15 years, this testimonial of the esteem in which he is held by the members of the band having been displayed on the music stand during the concert.

The vast crowd began to assemble long before the hour set for the fare-

well concert, and by 8 o'clock the Luneta was packed with a multitude of people, the great majority of whom stood in rapt attention until the end. The next to the last number on the program was Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever," following which Judge Gilbert mounted the stage of

Major Loving. "It is my belief that you have been selected to do something of great importance for you and of your great musical organization. Your departure at this time is a poignant grief to the community. As long as life shall endure with any of us, your name will be remembered and your achievements recalled with the keenest pleasure. You have accomplished a wonderful thing. Other men have directed great bands. But as a rule they have been able to select the best trained musicians from which to form them. You, in great measure, have trained the individual musicians who compose your organization. It has been a unique achievement. Your name and your fame are known wherever great music is heard. But more than this, you have wrought this success with a modesty which has been becoming. Again and again you have heard the plaudits of the multitude, and yet have preserved the unassuming demeanor of the really great man. All of us have seen many a man ruined by applause. Moderate success has frequently been transformed into utter failure, because, to use a common phrase, one could not stand success. Not so with you. Through the years you have wrought unceasingly. Every day has brought its task, and to this task you have given your all. You leave us now, and you leave us all your debtors. We, none of us, can hope to ever pay that debt. The burden of the toil of many a day has been lightened for us all, by the sweet strains of your music. Lives have been elevated, conduct has been rectified, souls have been strengthened, and sleep has been sweetened, because you have lived and worked among us. There can be no better measure of a successful life than the amount of happiness that that life has brought to others. Measured thus, you have achieved a great success. No man in



these beautiful things are done by  
who has done as much?

"You are going from us. We be-  
lieve to soon return. We will need  
you here. These men about you will  
need you. They know your worth.  
They know what you have done for  
them. We, the citizens, will need you.  
Regardless of race or color; regardless  
of religious or political views; regard-  
less of station, high or low, we will  
need you. We are selfish; we want  
you back. Be assured that if your  
health permits, we will have you back.  
You belong to us. Our pride in you  
will not permit us for long to do with-  
out you.

"As inadequate as are my words, is  
any token that the community might  
bestow, to show to you our affectionate  
regard. Yet we want you to carry  
away some little thing as a memento  
of this night; not for its intrinsic  
worth or value, but that you may pre-  
serve in the archives of your memory  
the fact that here your great work was  
wrought.

"In the name of a few of your  
friends I am permitted to present it  
to you. May its use be a constant re-  
minder of the friends you leave be-  
hind. May all life's clouds disappear.  
May your most heartfelt desires be  
granted. May you always have a large  
measure of the happiness you have so  
freely given others. God speed you."

Walter H. Loving retired with the  
rank of major on February 21.

#### CANNING NEGRO MELODIES

"CANNED MUSIC" may be scorned  
by the ultra-critical, but it has on  
advantage that no criticism can assail—  
the actual preservation of folk-songs.  
The phonograph, with its power of bringing  
back dumb and forgotten voices in some  
thing very near their original freshness,  
performs an invaluable service for us in  
keeping alive and in our memories the  
songs of past generations. Efforts are  
being made in this country at present to  
secure and record the tribal chants of the  
North American Indians, just as their  
dances are being recorded by the cinemato-  
graph. Hardly less valuable is the service  
rendered by those who have helped to pre-  
serve the melodies of the old "befo' de  
wah" negroes. *The Musical Courier* tells  
us of the labors of George A. Miller,  
brother of Reed Miller, the tenor, along  
this line. Thirty and more years ago  
Mr. Miller heard many of the old songs  
sung by the negroes on his father's planta-  
tion in northwestern South Carolina, and  
as he says:

For one reason or another I have been  
interested in the negro, and particularly  
in negro melody, for a good many years.  
About twenty-two years ago I began  
writing and speaking in public on this  
question in a more or less serious fashion  
when the so-called negro question was being

much agitated, particularly by Senator  
Benjamin R. Tillman. It was a subject at  
that time of very considerable interest to  
the people of the entire country, an interest  
that soon subsided. But as to negro  
melody pure and simple, it, as a subject,  
is of never-ending interest to those who  
have studied it from the point of view of its  
elementary and original value as any  
natural art subject, the several songs here  
recorded being a few of hundreds that I  
remember and have often sung. They are  
in reality what might be called trade-, or  
occupation-songs, the character of the  
words and music of most of them being  
determined by the trade or occupation of  
the negro who sings them. The music is  
so elusive in character that it would be  
almost impossible to reduce it to nota-  
tion. Only the talking-machine can record  
its elusive and peculiar characteristics.

A few of the songs recorded are given,  
with Mr. Muller's comments on the condi-  
tions of the singing as he remembers them:

The first one used to be sung by Aunt  
Sarah Warren, as she stood at the hot-  
pot stirring her wash for the "battling-  
board." From morning to night, as long as  
Aunt Sarah kept at her work, she sang it  
with unflagging zeal:

Trouble gwine ter war'y me down  
In der mornin'.  
Trouble gwine ter war'y me down,  
I believe it.  
Trouble gwine ter war'y me down,  
God knows it.  
Trouble gwine ter war'y me down.  
Jes so de tree fall, jes so it lie;  
Jes so de sinner live, jes so he die—den  
Trouble gwine ter war'y me down,  
I believe it.  
Trouble gwine ter war'y me down,  
In der mornin'.  
Trouble gwine ter war'y me down,  
God knows it.  
Trouble gwine ter war'y me down.

Mandy, Tilly, and Louvinia were field-  
hands, and as they went up and down the  
long cotton rows these are the words they  
used to chant in unison, keeping time  
with their hoes:

Somebody buried in de graveyard,  
Somebody buried in de sea;  
Gwine ter git up in de mornin' shoutin',  
Gwine ter sound de jubilee.  
If you git dare befo' I do,  
You run an' tell de Lord, I'm er comin' on too—Oh!  
Somebody dyin' in de mount'in,  
Somebody dyin' in de baid,  
Gwine ter git up in de mornin' shoutin',  
Gwine ter rise up from de daid,  
If you git dare befo' I do,  
You run an' tell de Lord I'm er comin' on too.

The next was sung by George Sadler.  
George was a ditcher. He was a tremen-

dously tall man with arms so long he could  
scratch the calf of his leg without bending.  
They call him the "Monk," for he looked,  
talked, and sang like an ape. Notwith-  
standing his size, George was often hidden  
in big ditches ten feet deep and, as the mud  
and dirt flew up from his spade, out of  
the depths came this peculiar refrain, the  
shovel accompanying its rhythmic pulse  
with exactness:

Goalman, Goalman, Goalman day,  
An er one two—er duncum die.

On the word "Goalman" he gave a sort  
of bellow which sounded like the croaking  
of a bullfrog magnified a hundred times.

Isham Moore was a young fellow with a  
very high tenor and this was Isham's  
favorite song:

Old Massa bought a yallow gal,  
He fotch her fum de South,  
Hair grow'd so tight on de Nigger's haid,  
She could not shet her mouth.  
Den haughen, haughen, my darlin' chile,  
Haughen, haughen, I say,  
Haughen, haughen, my darlin' chile,  
Got no whare to stay.  
Old Massa built a fine house,  
Sixteen stories high;  
Ev'ry story in dat house

Filled wid chicken pie,  
Den ha, ha, mi darlin' chile,  
Ha, ha, I say,  
Ha, ha, my darlin' chile,  
Got no whare to stay.

Then there was a dance-song called  
"Walking on de Green Grass":

Walkin' on de green grass,  
Dusky, dusky, dark;  
Walkin' on de green grass,  
Dusky, dusky, dark,  
So fair and pretty,  
I chose you as a lily.  
Oh, han' me down yer pretty lit'le han',  
An' take a walk wid me—Oh!  
Dogs in de woods tree'in up squirrel,  
My true love is de beauty of de worl',  
Miss Dinah she love sugar and tea,  
Miss Dinah she love candy,  
Miss Dinah she can steal all around  
An' kiss dem pretty boys handy.

#### THE DESERTED CABIN AND OTHER POEMS."

*Christian Index*

Comment from the Press and Promi-  
nent People.

"Be that as it may, Means is a poet  
of no small ability."—The Tribune  
Herald, Rome, Ga.

"Rev. Sterling Means is called the  
Paul Lawrence Dunbar of his race in  
Dixie,"—The Atlanta Constitution, At-  
lanta, Ga.

"Many of the verses of Rev. Means  
are in dialect and have the swing that  
reminds one of Paul Lawrence Dun-  
bar to whom he dedicates one of his  
best verses,"—The Bowling Green Mes-  
senger, Bowling Green, Ky.

"We predict for Rev. Means a bright  
future,"—The Independent," Atlanta,  
Ga.

"I have read some of the verses of  
Rev. Sterling Means and I do not hesi-  
tate to say that they have a quality  
of divine fire about them,"—Univers-  
ity of Georgia, Department of Rhetoric  
and English.

"Rev. Sterling Means is well known  
to me and I regard him as one of the  
very best men of his race. I have  
read a number of his poems and have  
found them to be excellent," Hon. Jno.  
D. Walker, President of Ninety Banks.

"The Deserted Cabin and Other  
Poems," There are poems in this col-  
lection that equal the best that have  
been produced by your race, not even  
excepting Dunbar.—Walter Neale,  
President.

"Rev. Means' book of verses shows  
a remarkable talent of native and in-  
herent ability."—Bishop L. H. Holsey,  
Atlanta, Ga.

My Dear Mr. Means:

"I thank you for sending me the  
book of Poems."—T. Roosevelt.

"It is a volume that Poul L. Dun-  
bar would not be ashamed of."—H. M.  
ubose, pastor First Methodist Church.

"I shall take this little volume to  
my library at my country home and  
preserve it among my treasured few"

—Dr. Durgin, Pres. Walden Univ.,  
Nashville, Tenn.

"He has handled his subjects ad-  
mirably and his poems ought to go a  
long ways towards preventing mob  
violence."

P. James Bryant, pastor of Wheat  
Street Baptist Church, Atlanta, Ga.,  
(Membership Five thousand and four

"I must say that Means is without

Doubt a genius.—Phil. H. Brown, Edi-  
tor Saturday Evening News, Dele-  
gate to Republican National Conven-  
tion, Chicago, Ill.  
Any one desiring a copy of this  
book may write REV. STERLING  
MEANS, 417 7th St., Bowling Green,  
Ky.



# Music, Poetry and Art - 1916

Dallas Press 4/24/16

## FIVE HUNDRED VOICES IN SONG

Great Interest Manifested All Over Texas in the World-Wide Famous Colored Singers Appearance in Dallas, at the Southern Negro Folk Song Festival - Reduced Rates Granted.

The approach of the Southern Negro Folk Song Festival at Dallas, Texas, July 26, 27 and 28, 1916, where many of the most famous singers in the world (colored) will appear in the Fair Park Coliseum, judging from the heavy incoming mails, there is great interest among white and colored people all over Texas. Questions are being asked, most of them being: "Will the greatest colored singers on earth be there, without fail?" Therefore, to save expense and time of writing each anxious inquirer, we make the following statement:

Positive arrangements have been made with the world-wide famous Madam Anita Patti Brown of Chicago, who has just returned from an extended tour of Brazil, and other parts of South America, winning the admiration of the entire music loving people to the extent that they requested and arranged that she should register her songs, a few of them, at least, and have them reproduced and sent back to South America, that they have the pleasure of hearing them through the phonograph.

Positive arrangements have been made with Madam Daisy Tapley of New York, the greatest living colored contralto soloist, who has the distinction of being styled "The Colored Angel of Song," whose admirers are innumerable wherever she has appeared and who has the most charming contralto voice, swaying at will, her audience and the fact that this will be her first appearance in the South, will be one of the rarest treats. She will be here.

Dr. W. W. Lucas of Meridian, Miss., the dialect reader that has won the fame of being "The Greatest Colored Humorist on Earth," who holds any audience spell-bound, white or colored, and the only living colored dialectician that white people have accorded great honors, North or South, will appear here.

There are being negotiated

hundred trained nearby talent under Madam Lyndia

fathers before the war as were heard in the fields of cotton, tobacco, cane and rice on the plantations and in the evenings in the "quarters" after the day's work was done, reproducing the "Old South" in song and melody and in the meantime, placing proper emphasis on the real value of the Negro Folk Songs, will be a treat of itself, that will never be forgotten.

With much delight we announce the fact that Madam Maggie C. Roberts, dean of music at Paul Quinn College, Waco, for fourteen years, and who has produced some of the greatest singers and musicians before the "footlights," has been added to the attractions and will conduct "Part Songs."

Combined with the fact that Madam Portia Washington-Pittman, the noted musician, having finished music in Germany, being the only daughter of the late Dr. Booker T. Washington, is the accompanist, the entire public can be assured that this will be one of the greatest treats of a life time.

We are glad, also, to state that reduced rates have been granted from all points in Texas, as far as two hundred miles around Dallas, the General Passenger Agents Association.

**THE MUSICAL SECTION.**  
A Department of Music Devoted to the Theoretical Study of the Composition of Music and Other Musical Articles Edited Exclusively for the "Kansas City Sun" Readers by

— 5/1/16 —  
A. Jack Thomas, Bandmaster, U. S. A.

Before taking up the theoretical work, it would be well and advisable for those who intend to make a study of the same to keep the following in view at all times:

More than two centuries of continuous constructive progress have been required to bring music in America to its present state of scientific development, for time alone can produce men of genius and inspiration necessary to produce great art. Of all the arts, music is admittedly the last to develop in any given civilization; but one would hardly be justified in inferring from this that the degree of perfection exhibited in the music of any given nation depends necessarily on the higher or lower state of civilization to which that nation has attained. Composers, like poets, are the children of their times, and are greatest when they most vividly reflect the dominant spirit of their race and age.

As a race of Afro-American people we have an eminently original and constructive faculty. This is strongly marked, and when the rapid civilizing and developing processes, which are now undergoing, shall have

given us more leisure and broadened our perceptions to the extent of enabling us to see in the cultivation of the arts in general, and of music in particular, one of the noblest fields for the exercise of human energy, we can confidently hope to see the Afro-American composer take a place in the world of music commensurate with that which has been won by the late S. Coleridge-Taylor.

The true problem of a treatise on Art may be thus expressed:

That it should transmute the most thorough and comprehensive knowledge of art into the consciousness and sensibilities of the student, and immediately incite her or him to artistic activity.

Neither abstract knowledge nor technical instruction can ever secure artistic culture, or even prepare the way for it; both are opposed to the essence of Art; and it is the fault of the old teachers that they have not risen above this unartistic tendency, or been willing to depart from it. As the achievement of the artist, born of his own free, truth-pervaded mind, is not an abstract thought, but an embodied spirit, united in as intimate and inseparable a unity as the soul and body of man, so must the science of Art continually strive after the most living and impressive truths, from which it should lead the way to bolder and more joyous achievements. Both, however, should be accompanied with that certainty, reposing on the convictions of experience, and that ardent desire for new achievements and progress, which, in my opinion, are the conditions and characteristics of a true artistic life.

This principal, in connection with contemplation on the essence of Art, matured by observation and artistic activity from an early youth, strengthened by a view of the historical development of Art, and by the growing approbation of the most intelligent and continually enlarging experience—this principal is still my law. That the interchange of theory and practice, of law and liberty, of form and essence, of melody and harmony—still, as formerly, called contraries, though in reality united—may become more living, animated and fertile of results, was my principal aim in the work forthcoming.

I would gladly offer to younger teachers (also such matured one who will be benefitted) or to such as have not yet had opportunity for extensive experience, an intimation of my method of teaching; certainly not with the presumption of being able to say anything new or important, but as a duty, unassumingly to impart

what I have to others in my way. Precisely here, however, is the insufficiency of all writing to supply the place of immediate intuition most strongly felt. Not books, but life educates; and only when life is quickened and wrought on by life can books perform their mightiest and most beneficent office, namely, to unite the experience an intelligence of many lives; to give support and a rallying point, so that every isolated existence—always most limited in its immediate activity in relation to the whole—may not forever perish; that every worker, unadvised and unquestioned by the mute past and present, may not be forced either to begin his or her task anew, or follow in the gloomy path of transmitted usage, in order to be not wholly without support. Often and long enough has the want of this reciprocal action of doctrine and life in our artistic science made itself most painfully felt. There are those among us who are obliged to see teachers attempting, with words and books, to form artists or connoisseurs, while their own examples proved them to be wanting in the least skill for composition; and, on the other hand, there are composers who venture to neglect, if not to treat with disdain, every pedagogic, psychological, or other assistance, even to explain the science of own skill in execution. The former are easily recognized by their deficiency; not so the latter, unless they may be classed under the category of the "Marathon Piano Thumpers" who, in extemporizing, accidentally run across some style of inverted "Blues" or other exaggerated syncopated debauches, pleasing the passing fancy of the public ear, these writers (presuming they do go through the formality of transferring, by their own efforts—and not engaging a professional writer to do their transcribing—their pianistic thought to paper) are called composers. I do not claim that the displaced (syncopated) rhythm is wrong, far from it; some of our greatest masters, Bach, Wagner and Beethoven, have made great use of this oblique rhythm and of our latter day writers, I must not omit the great

BOSTON CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

FEB 16 1916

## CHICAGO ARTISTS DISPLAY WORK IN TWENTIETH SHOW

Special to The Christian Science Monitor from

CHICAGO, Ill.—If their current exhibition be a true criterion the world-war has worked no great hardship on Chicago artists. It has made them stay at home and develop their own genius. A year of isolation in the United States and comparative remoteness from foreign influence has brought out a collection that is decisively American. Judging by externals, the most emphatic indication of this is the utter dropping off of the weird creations that filled a gallery only a year back. One after another artist records a marked improvement. In general this twentieth annual exhibition by artists of Chicago and the vicinity is felt the best yet held.

The bent of the artists of this section of the United States, as set forth in this collection, seem to be marking themselves out more and more distinctly, though a number have followed in years past paths easily enough recognized. It would seem safe to say that in the last 12 months individual preferences seem to have deepened and broadened. If this is so it is well, for to many observers the present is diagnosed as a formative period.

The wide variety in the exhibition is especially pleasing to visitors. Landscapes as usual predominate, but there is still life—more than ordinarily—ranging from kitchen to parlor, beaches seen from various angles and times of day, society scenes and atmosphere, several touches of the romantic, a few dainty glimpses of fairyland, and so on. Not a sign of a war picture. The only glimpses of Europe are apparently a couple of years old or else remembrances, such as a pleasant view of two aged peasants in Charles E. Boutwood's "Reminiscences," Albert H. Ulrich's "Canal in Bruges," and a scattering of other quiet transcriptions of a Europe that used to be. As for this tremendous hustling fountain of constructiveness, Chicago, still less notice it taken. Alson Clark in "The Panorama," and "The City," has made the only try at it.

Portraits are numerous in this collection, and their level is high, quite on a line with the excellence of the rest of their neighbors. Among the likenesses may be mentioned Henry C. Balink's portrait of Mrs. Handelan, Arvid Nyholm's portrait of Leroy A. Goddard, Christian Abrahamson's portrait of Frank Baaches, Gordon Stevenson's portrait of Miss Harmon Bailey, a portrait by Cecil Clark Davis, and Virginia Keep Clark's "Otho" and "Dorothy."

Out of all this range of scenes it is not easy to make adequate mention of all those deserving it. Lucie Hartrath's "Summer," taking the Clyde M. Carr prize for the best landscape, is a soft view down dales and across the fields, of



...given the Englewood Women's prize for the best group of paintings by an artist who has not previously received an award.

Decisive treatment marks the canvases of Frederic Clay Bartlett as usual. He appears to have done particularly good work this year. The "White Peacocks" of Jessie Arms Botke, water color, almost tapestry, also her "White Swans" are handsome decorative pieces of this kind. Carl R. Kraft exhibits some well-known scenes from the Ozarks. Marie E. Blanke's "Winter Moon" requires mention. Wilson Irvine and Alfred Jansson have some very attractive canvases. Marie Lokke's "Old Warehouse" is handsomely put. Karl A. Buehr's "Valuation" is in gay color.

In all 321 pictures are hung. Of the artists more than two thirds are men, 64 women out of the 170 contributors. Adjacent to this exhibition is that of the Chicago artists' sculpture, which will be taken up at another time.

Several of the prizes this year have been dropped. Voting by visitors on the most popular painting in the exhibition has been discontinued, eliminating one. The other prizes given annually by the Municipal Art League have likewise gone by the boards. Criticism by artists a year ago of the judgment of the women of the league in helping to name their prize winners has resulted in cancelling these awards in painting and sculpture.

## WOMEN OF RARE MUSICAL TALENT

*Palatka Advocate*  
**Heights Reached by the Aldridge Sisters in London.**

11-30-16  
**PRaised BY NOTED ARTISTS**

Daughters of Celebrated Tragedian and Interpreter of the Shakespearean Drama Win Fame on Stage and Musical Lore—European War Prevented Their Appearance in America

By JOHN B. BRUCE "GRIT."  
 Just before the breaking out of the war in Europe I had some correspondence with the Misses Ira and Luranah Aldridge, daughters of the late Ira Aldridge, celebrated as a tragedian. A little over fifty years ago he was as famous as an interpreter of the Shakespearean drama as was

Joseph Kean, Sir Beerbohm Tree or any of the later day stars on the English or American stage, judging from the flattering character of the press notices given him by the English, Russian, German and French dramatic critics of his day.

The Misses Aldridge had written me in regard to an American tour—both of them are musical—and I had taken some steps to engage a manager and publicity promoter for them when the war began, and our plan went awry. These ladies are living with their aged mother at Bedford Gardens, Kensington, England. One of them, Miss Luranah Aldridge, is a noted singer and musical composer, writing under the pen name of Montagu Ring. The other, Miss Ira, is a vocalist and has made an enviable reputation on the stage in England, France and Germany, where she has appeared before the most select and critical audiences. On hearing her sing for the first time, at Queen's hall, London, July, 1901, Charlotte Heavisides Marshall, an English poetess, wrote in *Gleanings by the Way* and dedicated to her these beautiful verses:

The magic of thy glorious voice  
 Sank deep into my heart,  
 Awakening slumbering memories  
 That bade the teardrops start.

Fair memories of long vanished years,  
 When thy father's genius shone  
 A star in the dramatic world  
 As radiant as thine own.

Farwell, sweet gifted sisters both,  
 Twin stars now shining bright,  
 Your heavenly strains exalt the soul  
 And spread diviner light.

The *Paris Figaro*, 1903, speaking of her, said: "Miss Luranah Aldridge, the great singer, had a very great success at her concert on Wednesday," etc. The *American Register*, London, 1909, said: "Miss Luranah Aldridge's concert at Steinway hall was a decided success. The young singer possesses a sympathetic and rich contralto, which was heard to advantage in many different songs of varied countries and schools."

The *Referee*, a London musical publication, says: "In spite of the popularity of the tango Messrs. Chappell continue to publish waltzes. One of the best of these is 'Laughing Love,' by Montagu Ring. This admirably reflects the spirit of the dance and is well calculated to animate the light fantastic toe." The *Daily Telegraph*, London, says: "At the Chappell concert one of the best of the novelties was Montagu Ring's melodious and smoothly written song, 'The Bride,' which was interpreted in impassioned style by Mr. Morgan Kingston."

Of Miss Ira Aldridge's vocal ability the *London Times* says: "The vocal recital given by Miss Ira Aldridge in

Steinway hall last Friday night attracted a very large audience. Her finished and artistic singing was exhibited in songs in various languages, among which must be mentioned Scarlatti's 'Gia il Sol,' the charming old German 'Ave Maria Zart,' the French 'Menuet d'Exaudet,' Schumann's fine 'Schatzgruber,' Coleridge-Taylor's expressive 'African Love Song' and Goring Thomass' 'Hear's Fancies.' The style of these different lyrics was fully grasped, and in all success won."

The *London Musical Courier* in its critique of the same recital said: "Miss Ira Aldridge, who gave a vocal recital in Steinway hall on the 5th inst., is a finished artist, who produces her voice with varied effect and according to the best methods. Her interpretation is thoroughly artistic and true to the intention of the composer. In favor of her beautiful voice and through being presented by Mme. Jenny Lind Goldschmidt she was in girlhood selected scholar of the Royal College of Music. Later she studied under Mr. Henschel two of whose songs, 'Morning' and 'Oh, Hush Thee, My Baby,' she sang on the present occasion."

One of her best efforts was a group of three songs representing severally the early Italian school in an aria by Scarlatti, the German one in 'Ave Maria Zart,' dated 1675, and in the French style of the eighteenth century in the charming, 'Menuet d'Exaudet,' doing full justice to modern composers in songs by Villiers Stanford, S. Coleridge-Taylor, S. Liddle and Goring Thomass.

Miss Luranah Aldridge has a formidable list of vocal and instrumental compositions to her credit, which are being sung and played by musical artists all over England and the continent. In the New Alhambra theater, Leicester square, London, the Assyrian ballet presented by Theodor Kosloff in November, 1913, opened with the first of her African dances. In a letter to me, speaking of the effect which this weird music seemed to have produced on the critics, who spoke of her as a Russian composer, she wrote: "The ballet opens with the first of my African dances. The papers evidently think that Montagu Ring is a Russian. I have not troubled as yet to contradict."

Miss Luranah Aldridge's musical compositions are published by thirteen or fourteen music publishing houses in London. Her vocal and instrumental productions seem to have struck a popular chord, and the output of her facile pen finds a ready sale and a popular reception among the higher class of artists and music lovers in England. If the war is soon brought to an end these two talented women, who have

done so much with voice and pen in foreign lands to lift up the race of which their father was a notable and worthy example, may, if sufficient inducement is offered, visit the United States on tour and charm the music loving public with exhibitions of their wonderful art.

In another private letter from Miss Luranah she speaks of her sister, Ira, who was visiting friends at Bath, England, and while there was urged and consented to sing at the celebrated Pump Room concert in 1908. One of her pupils, writing to her sister, Luranah, about the concert, said: "My dear Miss Aldridge, I am sure you and your mother would like to know that I have heard from several sources how beautifully your sister sang at the Pump Room. My aunt writes to me that all agree she has a glorious voice! I don't fancy they often hear such singing in Bath, and I can quite understand how much it was appreciated."

The achievements of these brilliant and talented women ought to be an inspiration to every colored girl and woman in America who is musically inclined. What the Aldridge sisters have done and are doing they can do. Go, young women. The world is waiting for you.

**EVENING POST**  
 New York City

DEC 29 1916  
**MUSIC CONVENTION ENDING.**

**Teachers Told Negroes Have Innate Craving for Music.**

Representatives from twenty-four States attended to-day the final session of the Music Teachers' National Association which has been holding its thirty-eighth annual convention at 50 East 41st Street. Arthur Scott Brook, of New York, president of the National Association of Organists, opened this morning's meeting with a talk on "Musical Interpretation." After emphasizing the great importance of a strict adherence to the rules of the old school, Mr. Brooks pointed out that, while technique is essential, it is not all-sufficient in itself but must be supplemented by the proper imagery. Mrs. Lydia Harris Hamlin, of Cornwall, N. Y., read a paper on "Musical Culture in Negro Schools and Colleges."

"The negro has an innate craving for music," Mrs. Hamlin said, "and its proper encouragement will help to unite an otherwise disorderly community. The familiar plantation songs originated with the American negro, but no race long continues to restrict its musical productions to folk-lore. Musical education and culture can so guide the negro that the next step will be in the right direction."

The morning's programme ended with an address by Ernest R. Kroeger, of St. Louis, on "The Emotional and Picturesque in Music."



IRA AND LURANAH ALDRIDGE

## HACKLEY CHORUS A HIT

Mrs. E. Azalia Hackley directed a master chorus last Friday at the 14,000 municipal pier at Grand avenue and Lake Michigan. During the entire week, under the auspices of the Municipal Musical Association, various singing bodies and bands gave concerts. The concert on Friday night was one of the best of the week. The auditorium was packed, even though it was exceedingly hot. When Mrs. Hackley and the chorus ascended the stage, the big chorus sang as well as the 50th anniversary at the Coliseum was rendered, and the business was big. The



# Music, Poetry and Art-1916

## EVENING JOURNAL

Chicago, Ill.

DEC 16 1916

### Samaroff Plays with Orchestra

Olga Samaroff, who when she is not on the concert platform is Mrs. Leopold Stokowski, was the soloist with the Chicago Symphony orchestra yesterday afternoon, playing Brahms' first concerto for piano. This is not a popular work among solo pianists. Yesterday's performance made only the fifth time it has appeared on these programmes since the orchestra was founded in 1891.

The reason for its infrequent presentation is obvious. It is not a piece of firework brilliancy whereby the performer may acquire kudos, but is more like a symphony with piano obligato. If it is to make any impression beyond that of a learned orchestral work, the pianist must have some exceptional gifts of interpretation and personality. These Mme. Samaroff has. She is more youthful in appearance than when she last appeared here, she has great charm of manner, and she is a potent, persuasive, and intelligent artist. Consequently the Brahms concerto was a superb entertainment for both eye and ear.

A novelty on the programme was a suite named "American Negro," by the Chicago composer, Thorwald Otterstrom. As the name indicates, the suite is based upon negro melodies, which in this case are of the religious and not the plantation type. Otterstrom has taken seven, and dressed them up with all the resources at his command of harmonization and orchestration. He has many. The suite is interesting throughout, even though there is an occasional suspicion that some of the tunes are more vital than their treatment. I have yet to be convinced that a fugato presentation is the correct one for a negro melody, but the fugato appears only once. The third section, subheaded "De Sin-Sick Soul," took unto itself a somewhat Brahmsian rhythm, equally foreign to melody from this source. Two others, the second, "Blow de Trumpet, Gabriel," and the fifth, "Trabel On," seemed on first hearing to be very near 100 per cent music.

Weber's overture to "Oberon" and Stephan's "Music for Orchestra" were the other numbers on the programme, all of which will be repeated tonight.

### Soloists for May Festival

The North Shore Musical Festival association, out early with its announcement, makes known the engagement for the next May festival of the following soloists: Giovanni Martinelli, Emilio de Gogorza, Anna Case, Marie Sundelius, Alma Gluck, Christine Miller, Frances Ingram, Paul Althouse, Florence Macbeth, Louiset, Graveure, Royal Dadum, Albert Lindquist, Naomi Nazor, Marie Kaiser and Gustaf Alston.

Halmquist, a great company!

lect songs from the schools is being sharply criticised by many newspapers of the South. In answer to the argument that the popular negro songs, which have been sung by generations, both North and South, are not written in good English, it is retorted that the same objection may be made to the songs of Robert Burns. In this connection the statement is made that only one writer of the race has ventured to provide words for negro dialect songs. Whether the objection to these dialect songs is well taken or otherwise, they will continue to enjoy a large measure of popularity. Indeed, such is human nature, the fact that they were tabooed by the New York school teachers would increase rather than diminish their popularity. For it is a difficult task to undertake to regulate the songs of the people.

### COLORED PAINTER'S PICTURE IS SELECTED.

HEYNEY, Pa.—One of the paintings displayed at the recent exhibition of the New York Color Club was the work of Miss Paula Heyney, teacher of Art at the Heyney Training School for Teachers, and former winner of the Crescen Prize Scholarship from the Academy of Fine Arts of Philadelphia, Pa.

The painting is entitled "Heirlooms" and was one of the twelve selected out of five hundred as a permanent illustration for the Water Color Club catalogue. Last spring Miss Wheeler had five paintings on exhibition at the Art Institute of Chicago.

J. O. Thomas, the new principal of Voorhees Industrial School, Denmark, S. C., is in New York this week.

Mrs. Chester Bumbrey and Miss Alice Holland are guests of Mrs. J. A. Holland, Prospect avenue, Asbury Park.

Mme. Salika is connected with the Martin-Smith School, situated at 125 West 136th street, where she will instruct in vocal culture.

Hunter C. Haynes, proprietor of Haynes' Cafe, 143 West 136th street, has gone to Waukesha, Wis., for his health. He is 71 years of age. Rebecca H. Alston of Chicago, C. will spend the summer in New York with her brother, J. J. Alston.

SHAVILLE

TERROW

FEB 9 1916

DRAMA COMPOSED BY

COLORED WOMAN

"A Summer Night's Dream," a drama for children, composed by Frankie Car-

Defending

Negro

Melodies.

The effort of some of the New York public school teachers to eliminate negro dia-

terberry, a colored writer of Nashville, is being rehearsed and will be presented some time next month. The musical setting is by Philip V. Lindsey, a local musician. The play will be presented at the Lincoln Theatre under the auspices of the colored Y. M. C. A. This is the only play ever written by a Nashville colored woman and the colored people of the city are looking forward with much interest to its presentation.

### DANCING AND THE NEGRO

Miss Ruth St. Denis, who is one of the leading exponents of modern dancing, and who has been in the city since she came here last week at the Palace Theatre, New York, has declared that the Negro is the real dancing teacher, and that modern dancers have learned grace and naturalness of movement from him. She so expressed herself in an interview which appeared in the Evening Mail of January 29. Said Miss St. Denis:

"The Negro is our real dancing teacher. To him it is a vital and necessary thing to dance. He loves it and gets much joy out of his easy and graceful, if somewhat heavy mode of movement. From the black we have learned what little underlying grace and naturalness of movement we possess."

### MONSTER SONG FESTIVAL

Dallas, Tex., Aug. 4.—Wednesday and Friday of last week, Southern Folklore Festival held its first concert at the Fair Park Coliseum. Anita Patti Brown, Chicago, was the principal soloist. Her singing charmed the audience and the mayor of the city and R. Babcock, assistant to the president of the Chamber of Commerce, paid the singer a high tribute. Mayor Lindsay, saying she was the best he had ever heard, Mrs. Daisy Tapley, New York City, took part on the program and sang beautifully. The Paul Quinn Choral Club, directed by Miss Maggie C. Roberts, fourteen years head of the musical department of the Paul Quinn. A number of local people took part on the program. The musicale will be remembered as one of the finest affairs of its kind ever given in the south.

### WORLD

New York City

MAR 22 1916

Negroes and Musical Art.

To the Editor of The World:

That musical art among the negroes cannot be developed, as is the opinion of some narrow-minded artists, is in every way preposterous. The general idea that the negro is capable only of rendering what is popularly known as "rag-time" is also another error. Any one who is not blind or pig-headed cannot fail to acknowledge the artistic qualities this race is showing to-day, for the simple reason that it's in them and therefore must come out.

THEO. G. M. FARQUHARSON.

New York, March 20.

### MUSICAL COURIER

New York City

SEP 7 - 1916

### Negro Composers Featured

Compositions by American Negro composers were presented at the Birmingham Music Festival, held on August 24 under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A. The splendid ensemble of the chorus, it is said, was the most inspiring contribution to the program. Their numbers included: "Topsy-Turvy," "Blow, Ye Gentle Breezes, Blow" (Marks), and "Deep River," by Prof. C. R. Dixon, organist.

Journal

Providence, R. I.

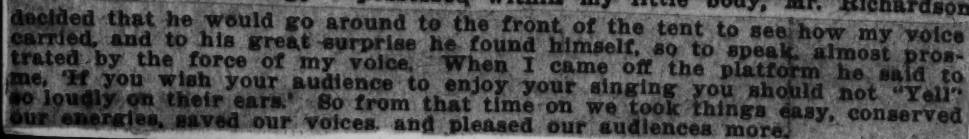
DEC 10 1916

Nautilus Circle.

The Nautilus Circle held its regular meeting on Monday evening with Mrs. Joseph Gough at her home on Whittier avenue. In response to roll call the members gave a variety of brief quotations. In the absence of the President, Mrs. Frederick A. Stevens, the Vice President, Mrs. Henry D. C. Dubois, presided at the business session, which was made very brief because of an unusually long programme of entertainment. This included a group of songs by Mrs. Henrietta A. Kirby, an original paper by the hostess on "Negro and Indian Music," followed by illustrative music, a humorous story by Mrs. Frank Gray, interesting personal experiences, told by Mrs. L. R. Wolpert, and some amusing stories by Mrs. Bassett.



The program was arranged in three parts, viz: (a) Classical and operative;



ONE thousand dollars to Mrs. Coleridge-Taylor, widow of the great composer; one hundred dollars to his mother; and two hundred dollars to each of his children until they reach the age of twenty-one,—these pensions are the estimate the British Government sets upon the work of a great man. 11-75

Johnson's Translations.  
In speaking of the  
"Goyescas" by Enrique  
which had its premiere at  
the Metropolitan Opera House, New  
York, E. H. Krehbiel, musi-  
cal critic of the New York Tribune,  
follows of the English trans-  
lation by James W. Johnson,  
editor of The Age. 2.  
"G. Schirmer has pro-  
duced a handsome sty-  
lish version, which may be  
because of its regard  
for the original, was made by  
Johnson, brother of J. S.  
Johnson, director of the Col-  
legiate School for Colored  
Students. Johnson has  
polished poems as  
"lyrics."

Nor do we want our own son  
familiar with our original and  
school teachers who ask learners  
would commit a sacrilege if to  
pure literary form at the expense



stance, would prefer to sing "I fain would live in  
on, Old times there are not forgotten," instead of  
wish I was in de land ob cotton, Old times dar am  
And do we want the learned professors to exchange  
ous marry Will de weaver, Willium was a gay de  
The Mistress wedded Will, the weaver; William was  
And finally, what kind of fun would we get out  
ad of singing "While Missus libbed, she libbed  
he died, she died all ober," we were obliged to  
epitaph, "While Mistress lived, she lived in  
ied, she died completely and in all her parts?"  
Or when sitting round a camp fire in autumn  
rself lifting up your joyful voice in "Old Folks  
ituting for "Dere's wha my heart is turnin' eber,  
olks stay," the denatured, if correct, observation,  
affections naturally incline, there's where my  
Wedding hands off the pitifully few genuine

**RISE OF BURLEIGH**  
as the tribute paid the musical genius of Harry  
afternoon at Carnegie Hall, when nearly four  
ers encored again and again his latest composi  
McCormack. When the New York Tribune o  
ed a song of his, written in Italian, as any  
composed by an American in recent years  
erful was it as emanating from a  
the coming into his own of one of  
the leading, American song composer  
ry Burleigh has been recognized for his tal  
g in notable ways since first he was em  
When Governor Roosevelt welcomed him  
at Albany after he had been refused ac  
Albany, national attention was di  
neral of the late J. P. Morgan the  
rovided in the financier's will, again  
he black knight of song. Yet dur  
unsoiled Harry Burleigh has been  
itions have been sung before the  
world. But never until now has he  
at his true worth and place  
he New York World of Mon  
poser in its criticism of the

mentation anywhere of a group of  
in, Harry T. Burleigh, to five poems  
"The Jungle Flower," "Among the

Fuchelars, "Till I Wake" and "Worth While."  
Every one of these songs was worth while. They are all the product of a writer  
who has the melodic talent, and his treatment of each one was in the modern style.  
As a consequence the songs have color and genuine dramatic values.  
McCormack sang these new compositions with rare finish and his always ad  
mirable diction, and the difficult and effective pianoforte accompaniments were bril  
liantly played by Edwin Schneider.  
This race is fortunate that despite its losses and reverses great  
members of it are always coming to the fore to prove to a doubting  
and prejudiced world that it is just like other men. Booker  
T. Washington, its lamented leader, and Paul Lawrence Dunbar, its  
great poet, have left behind them leaders in the front rank of the  
vocations of the world. Henry O. Tanner, the world renowned  
painter; William Stanley Braithwaite; Bert A. Williams, the world's  
leading comedian; Dr. Dan Williams, the great surgeon; Howard P.  
Drew, the world's champion sprinter, and now Harry T. Burleigh,  
with scores of others of not such ready names, have made an un  
willing world bow in acknowledgment. Mr. Burleigh has added to  
his natural ability a genius for hard and sustained effort. He has  
risen not because of merit, because throughout a sober, busy life  
he has been willing to make the struggle and sacrifice. He is an ex  
ample for every black man and woman, for every boy and girl, that  
work and worth will win.

## RACE ARTISTS TO SING FOR VICTROLAS

If Race Makes Demand for Our  
Singers to Be Heard, Edison  
and Victrola People Will Be  
Eager to Employ Them—De  
mand Is Coming from Foreign  
Countries.

*Chicago Defender*  
**OUR ARTISTS CAPABLE.**

While You Call for Caruso, Farrar, Schu  
mann-Heinke, Ask for a Patti Brown,  
Joseph Douglass, Maude J. Roberts or  
a Hazel Harrison Record.

During the Christmas holidays there  
were thousands of dollars spent by our  
people for Victrolas. It was an easy  
matter to hear one say they got a \$250  
Victrola for a Christmas present and that  
they paid seven and eight dollars for re  
cords. They paid to hear Tetrazini, Ca  
ruso, Paganini, Mme. Schumann-Heinke,  
Geraldine Farrar and other noted artists.  
But how many of our race ever asked  
for a record of Mme. Anita Patti Brown,  
Mr. Roland Hayes, Miss Hazel Harrison,  
Miss Maude J. Roberts, Mr. Joseph Dou  
glass? Are these not our great artists?  
Have they not been trained to the highest  
degree in their profession? The true we  
hear Bert Williams, Myers, Fisk and  
Hampton Jubilee Singers in the Vic  
trolas—but you never hear of an artist  
who is a great violinist or a pianist.  
What is the reason? The answer partly  
is, we make no demand for them. A few  
months ago Roland Hayes, the noted

tenor singer, gave a concert and the  
musical critic of the Louisville Daily  
Courier-Journal was present. She was  
so elated over the voice of Mr. Hayes  
that she immediately arranged to have  
him sing before a white audience. Here  
was a voice that would be appreciated  
in a Victrola as rapturously as that of  
Caruso. Let the members of the race,  
when they go to Lyon & Healy and  
spend eight and ten dollars for records,  
call for our artists and be indignantly  
surprised because they do not have them.  
The point is, dear reader, if there is a  
demand for a record of Maude J. Rob  
erts or Patti Brown the record people  
will soon get busy and secure them.  
Prejudice vanishes when art steps in.  
Music—inspiring, soul-stirring music—  
knows no color; it's divine; it touches  
all hearts and all nationalities. The  
next time you go to purchase a record,  
ask for some of our great artists.

Reports have come to this office that  
records of race artists are in demand at  
British West Indies, South America and  
other foreign countries.

## MUSIC TEACHERS IN FAVOR OF CHANGING THE WORDS OF DIXIE

(Associated Press.)  
NEW YORK, Sept. 16.—Negro dia  
lect songs published in public school  
text books is disapproved by high  
school music teachers of this city who  
have appointed a committee to ask  
music publishers to eliminate it.  
"We want our children to learn pure  
English, not a dialect," said Dr. Frank  
R. Rix, the musical director. "There  
are many foreign children in our  
schools who find it hard enough to  
learn English and who are confused  
by the dialect. I think a change  
ought to be made throughout the  
country."  
In "Dixie" it is proposed to change  
the words "de" and "nebbber" to "the"  
and "never." It is also proposed to  
change "perilous fight" in the "Star  
Spangled Banner" to read "clouds of  
the fight."

From the *Independent*  
Assuming that the bas  
termed national music is fou  
song, it may be urged that American  
music, so far as it is peculiarly Ameri  
can, is based on negro melodies. This  
finds support, for example, in Dvorak's  
"Symphony From the New York World,"  
which abounds in melodies strikingly sug  
gestive of our plantation tunes. True,  
it is contended that none of these melo  
dies is to be found in negro music, in  
the form in which Dvorak wrote them,  
but the influence of the plantation song  
is apparent. Of Indian music, as it sur  
vives to us, there is much to be said,  
but the scope of negro folk-song is of  
more immediate importance, since its ef  
fect is more widely felt.

But the negro is not confined in music  
to melodies crooned in the field or walled  
in meetings or chanted on decks. The  
musician is becoming less essentially  
negro, and more widely musical. In  
other words, here and there negroes are  
writing music; not merely repeating tra  
ditional tunes from generation to gen  
eration, but composing music that has  
no racial qualities to set it apart. In  
churches all over the English-speaking  
world, choirs are singing the works of  
Coleridge-Taylor, a negro whose death a  
few years ago was regretted by all the  
world of music, and choral societies are  
singing his beautiful setting of "Hla  
watha." And only last week, Amato, the  
great Italian baritone, sang in a con  
cert in New York a song of warning  
Italy, which was composed by Harry G.  
Burleigh, a modern American negro,  
whose music has been played in Rich  
mond frequently, notably by that remark  
able negro organization, the Claf Clut  
chestra.

## WILLIAM E. SCOTT EXHIBI TION OF PICTURES AT THE Y. M. C. A., BEGINNING NOVEMBER 23D

*The Freeman 11-18-16*  
William E. Scott, the colored artist,  
has just returned from an extensive  
tour of the South and will place on ex  
hibit at the Colored Y. M. C. A., com  
mencing, Nov. 23, Thursday, about fifty  
pictures and sketches made while  
there. Mr. Scott spent sometime in and  
about Mobile and did a number of very  
interesting studies of old buildings and  
also sketches of old Negro types. He  
also painted a number of portraits of  
the leading Negroes of that city. From  
Mobile he went to Demopolis, Ala., a  
very interesting old village, and there  
did a number of anti-bellum types.  
From Demopolis he went to Tuskegee,  
Ala., and painted a very interesting pic  
ture of the inauguration of Major  
Moton. Three months were spent in  
and about Tuskegee and perhaps his  
best work was done there. Some of the  
portraits painted there were of Dr.  
Moton, Dr. B. T. Washington, Mrs. B. T.  
Washington and Major Ramsey. The  
last seven weeks of his Southern tour  
were spent in Summerville and Charle  
ston, S. C., and while there a great many  
studies were made of the oldest types  
of Negroes and their dwellings.  
Depicting Negro life on canvas has  
never before been done by one of that  
race and Mr. Scott's exhibit should go  
far to show some of the simpleness and  
beauty, as the artist would say "under  
the surface."



Taunton Mass  
AUG 2 1916

# FOLK SONGS THE SOUL EXPRESSION OF COLORED RACE

By JAMES A. HOSEY.

(Written Specially for the Taunton Daily Gazette.)

WOODS HOLE, Mass., Aug. 20.—

Gazette readers, would you know the soul of the black folk? Listen, then, at your first opportunity, to the old plantation songs by the Hampton singers such as "Nobody Knows de Trouble I've Seen," "My Lord, What a Morning, When de Stars begin to fall," and "De Ole Ark a-moverin' Along."

The moan of anguished despair, the high, wild note of jubilant thanksgiving and happy wonder, the irrepressible laughter of a sunny-natured race, are in these songs and a score of others which the Hampton quartet has sung from Old Point Comfort to Hampton Beach and from Hampton Roads to the Golden Gate.

You dream of Dixie and the land of cotton when you hear these slave-day melodies.

Whether the songs move you to laughter or tears you will know that there are faithful black folks at work today whose service for these United States spells "peace on earth, good will to men."

Damrosch says: "If proof positive of soul in the Negro race should be demanded, it can be given, for they have brought over from Africa and developed in this country, even under all the unfavorable conditions of slavery, a music so wonderful, so beautiful, and yet so strange, that, like the gypsy music of Hungary, it is alike the admiration and despair of educated musicians of our race."

I had the pleasure, recently, of attending a folklore concert here. It was a song and speech form of entertainment, presented by the Negroes and Indians from Hampton institute, Hampton, Va., a school for the education of the black and red man. The entertainers arrived here

in their "bug-eye" (phonetic spelling), a sailing sloop, which is utilized to transport them from place to place, when it can be done by water, and tendered their concert in the open air on the estate of Mr. C. R. Crane, at the special invitation of both Mr. Crane and his wife. The entertainment was complimentary and of a semi-public nature.

Few who have not studied the Indian realize the wide range in custom and tradition, in song and story, that the different tribes present. Therefore these boys from a little group of Indians who are struggling for an education go forth to show to Hampton's friends something of the life of their people, the Sioux, the Cherokee, and the Mohave-Apache. You may hear the story of Sitting Bull's stand against the federal troops, told by a Sioux from the Indian's viewpoint. You may hear the solemn prayer of the Great Spirit for a bountiful harvest, the joyous chant that accompanies the game on which, perhaps, their fathers may have staked their all, and the cry of exultation of the war dance that marked the victorious return of a party of braves.

All over the civilized world of late there has been an extraordinary interest in folk songs, the music that has sprung from the heart and life of people of different lands, the simple people who labor out of doors, who sing as they work, as they dance, as they play, and also as they pray. Music is associated with everything that the Indian holds dear and sacred, it is intertwined with every act of his life, it is bound up with all the ties of fireside and home. It is generally believed that for the Indian's sake, for his legitimate human needs, as well as in the interest of American literature and music, Indian songs should be encouraged.

An old Virginia plantation at the mouth of the James river, 15 Negro students just out of slavery, and two white teachers, were the beginning of Hampton institute, founded by Gen-

eral Samuel Chapman Armstrong in 1868.

Eight thousand men and women trained for teaching, trained for home building, trained for the trades and land, are leading the advance for better schools, better homes and better farms among the Negroes of the South and the Indians of the West, as a result of Hampton's work for 46 years of existence.

In 1865, at the end of the war between the states, nearly four million of ignorant Negro slaves were suddenly set free in this country. Not over 10 per cent of these could read or write. Books had been "taboo" to the mass of them. The black slave boy could carry the wraps and the books and the lunch baskets of his white playmates to the door of the school house, but he was not allowed to cross its threshold. This obstacle in his pathway, however, only made him the more determined to get, at any cost, that unseen good called "an education."

And not only in the mines of West Virginia were such unprivileged children reaching out toward light. In the cotton fields of the Black Belt, in the log cabins of Kentucky, on the docks of the Mississippi, on the tobacco farms of the Virginia uplands, there was many a determined seeker after knowledge. The government did not provide the means of getting it. Perhaps if Lincoln had lived, this "unfinished work" would have been done. The South, as soon as it had partly recovered from the war's prostration, as early as 1870, provided a common school system for the two races within its borders. Necessarily the schools were at first crude and inadequate, and naturally those for the Negroes remained so longer than those for the whites.

But in spite of dilapidated school houses and churches, in spite of ignorant teachers and preachers, in spite of one-room cabins and unsanitary stums to live in, in spite of the one-crop and crop-lien systems of farming the wornout lands of the South, somehow, some way the four millions of black people have become 10 millions, and instead of 10 per cent being able to read and write, 70 per cent are now literate.

Such determination deserves encouragement. When the North sent help to its Southern brothers in bearing this burden of education and development into citizenship of the whole race of backward people among the pioneers went a man of prophetic vision—Samuel Chapman Armstrong—who saw, 30 years before his fellow-workers in the educational field, that the traditional "readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetic" would not make men and women out of an untrained race. Hence the Hampton school—a pioneer in applying the educational principle of the moral force of the labor of the hand.

Set firmly in the making of character as a foundation, Hampton institute has grown up stone by stone in nearly 50 years of its existence

until it stands (though not complete) a concrete illustration, through the lives of its graduates, of what a redeeming and transforming force lies in the education of the whole man—the head, the hand, and the heart.

Slowly, partly through the influence of Hampton and the far-reaching work of the eight thousand men and women who have shared its privileges and its counsels; partly through the natural improvement that the years have brought in the public school system; partly through the wonderful educational awakening that has come to the South in the last 10 years—slowly, but surely, the dilapidated cabins are giving place to well built and sanitary houses; the worn out fields to flourishing farms; the leaky churches to handsome structures; the tumbledown school houses to modern buildings; the idle street loafers and shiftless housewives to good citizens and wise and capable mothers and sisters. Well lighted and sanitary streets are supplanting the dirty, unpaved ones in the Negro quarters of the cities; race relations are constantly growing more friendly; Southern white men and women are working in church and school and settlement for their backward neighbors; the problem of the two races differing in color and advantages living side by side in harmony and mutual respect is on the way to solution.

Much remains to be done and Hampton is helping to do it. The rural schools are being improved by the work of state and county supervisors—the former, white men, the latter colored men and women—making, side by side, strenuous efforts to develop the rural Negro school into a place where its children may be prepared for life—life in the country, where they were born. Many of these supervisors are Hampton graduates. There is a loud call for more than the school can now furnish, a call, too, for many more teachers. Each year, in Virginia, a large number of Negro schools must be put in charge of teachers with only "emergency certificates."

To help meet this need a new type of school is being established in the South—the county training school, where a man and his wife will live and teach, the year round, in a school room, on the farm, in the home, making the school a community center, a place for the enrichment of rural life.

Wilmington, Del.

NEWS

## LECTURE-RECITAL ON NEGRO MELODIES

Contribution of the Afro-Ameri-

can to the Art of Music is  
Interestingly Set Forth.

In spite of the disagreeable weather conditions, the lecture-recital held last night at Friends' Meeting House, Fourth and West streets, on "The Contribution of the Afro-American to the Art of Music," by Mrs. Maud Caney Hare, pianist, and William H. Richardson, baritone, of Boston, was very well attended, and those who braved the stormy night felt well repaid in listening to the very delightful program.

Mrs. Hare gave the lecture and acted as accompanist for Mr. Richardson and also gave several piano selections. Mrs. Hare is a graduate of the New England Conservatory of Music. She was a student under Edwin Klahre, a former pupil of Master Liszt, and also of Edwin Ludwig, a pupil of Rubenstein, and formerly professor of the Imperial Russian Institute for noble ladies at St. Petersburg.

The recital was given under the auspices of the Federation of Colored Women for the benefit of the Thomas Garrett Settlement, and had the weather been of a different character there doubtless would have been a much larger attendance. Mrs. J. Bacon Stubbs presided and introduced the artists.

Preceding each group of songs, Mrs. Hare gave a brief explanatory talk, telling about the origin of the songs and also pointing out that the Negro melodies are the only genuine folk songs which the American people can claim. It was pointed out that legends are enshrined in many of these Negro melodies and that the Negro race occupies an important place in the musical history of this country. Some of the traditions which enshroud these songs were set forth in an interesting manner. The Negroes, aside from originating the melodies, have also invented musical instruments of a peculiar and useful nature.

In their compositions the Negroes have shown a marvelous knowledge of rhythm. The speaker went on to explain that many of the Negro melodies were transplanted from Africa. The "Bamboula" song is an African melody and was transplanted from Africa. It was formerly known as a hunting song. Mr. Richardson then sang the group of folk songs which have been harmonized by Mrs. Hare. The first, "Go Down, Moses," is a Scriptural song; "Round the Corn Sally" is a working song and "Poor Rosy" is a plaintive love song. These were all sung with realistic effect and seemed to greatly please the audience. Coleridge-Taylor's famous Negro melody, "Steal Away" was sung with pleasing effect by Mr. Richardson. A group of Creole songs was then sung. It was explained that the Creole songs are of French and Spanish origin and were famous songs of the Antilles and Louisiana.



digital program included the following numbers:

EDWARD SMYTH JONES

Mr. Jones has established headquarters at the Colored Young Men's Christian association at 831 South San Pedro street, where he will conduct the campaign of the sale of the book which may ultimately result in a national magazine.

"Aldridge never achieved the success in this country that he enjoyed on the other side of the water. In his day there was a certain prejudice which not even art could overcome. He had the satisfaction, however, of knowing that wherever he was seen there was an acknowledgment of his remarkable histrionic gifts."



AL. DARLING,  
Manager of the Colonial Theater.

**DRAMATIC MIRROR**  
**New York City**

AUG 5 - 1976  
NEGROES ON THE STAGE

ON THE STAGE  
The famous negro tragedian, Ira  
"Albion" says a writer in the Baltimore  
*News*, "was for some time dresser for  
Junius Brutus Booth, the elder, father of  
Edwin, John Wilkes and J. B. Booth, Jr.  
Aldridge, in course of time, went on the  
stage himself and first attracted attention  
in Russia. Afterward he played throughout  
Europe and also in this country. His most  
noted character was Othello, in which he  
was considered by European critics to be  
masterly.

"In this city Aldridge is not known to have played anywhere but at an old theater, long since dismantled, at the corner of Holliday and Pleasant Streets. It was popularly known as the Mud Theater, as it was in the section called the Meadow, on account of the marshy character of the ground there. In fact, in early times the whole district was often flooded.

"Aldridge is described by those who saw him as tall and muscular, and possessed of

## Anniversary of Death of the Great

Hard Will Be Occasion for a  
Celebration by Them.

Twenty-five of the negro societies, representing about eight thousand members, have announced that they will join in the city-wide celebration of the Shakespearean tercentenary. As a part of their plans they will give a large group festival at the Manhattan Casino the last week in April, which will be made up of scenes from "Othello," "The Merchant of Venice," and "Love's Labor Lost." A chorus of 200 mixed voices will sing selected Shakespearean music, and an orchestra of colored musicians will play the incidental music for "Othello," written for Beerbohm Tree's London production of the play by Coeur-de-Taylor, the colored composer.

**EVERY EVENING**

Wilmington, Del.

DEC 16 1916

**SOME NEW MUSIC.**

A new composer, of undeniable merit, called the "new American Coleridge Taylor," has arisen in H. T. Burleigh. One of the best of his latest songs is entitled an "Old Negro Melody," possessing an air nearly as plaintive as that of the "Swanee River." In sharp contrast is his "Soldier," strictly military, which is largely matched by a similarly war-like song entitled "The Drums," with words by Minna Irving and music by Carl Deiss.

A. Buzzi-Peccia has written three lyrics entitled "Baciarmi," "Al Cader de las Sera," and "Serenata Gerata" the last named of which is particularly effective.

Two Irish songs, "All Erin is Calling Mavourneen," by Geoffrey O'Hara, and "Molly Dhu," by Hugo Frey, are excellent by reason of their contrast.

In addition to these the "Message of a Rose," a song by Stuart James, of romantic school, and "Still, Still With Thee" with words by Harriet Beecher Stowe, and set to music by John Carrington, complete a month of interesting publications.

Received of the publishers, G. Ricordi  
& Co., New York City

**SUN**

## Baltimore, Md.

NOV 24 1916

**Colored Organist To Play.**  
Ernest Hays, colored, who went from Baltimore public schools to the Boston Conservatory of Music and became an organ soloist, will give a recital for the benefit of Bethel A. M. E. Church, Druid Hill avenue and Lanvale street, tonight at the church. He will be assisted by a violin soloist from the same school.

COLORED SOCIETIES IN  
SHAKESPEARE FEST

## Anniversary of Death of the Great

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

MAR 23 1916

NEGRO POET PENS  
EPIC TO START